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THE MICHIGAN WALLINS

V. A. Clarkson

The MICHIGAN WALLINS

A HISTORY

from
Stratford-on-Avon
1791
to
Wallinwood-on-the-Grand
1933

BY VAN A. WALLIN

MCMXXXIII

1933

MADE BY THE TOREN CRAFTSMEN
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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To

My Grandchildren

Frances Sarles Wallin

Franklin Whittelsey Wallin, Jr.

Thomas Wallin Torson

May they hold high the standard.

"In action, prudent, in word, sincere,
In friendship, faithful, in honor, clear."

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INTRODUCTION

I THINK it was Max O'Rell, the famous French author, who said in a lecture in the United States that when an American reached a position of wealth and leisure he began a search as to who was his grandfather. This suggestion of humble and inglorious parentage on the part of the free and independent citizens of the land brought a ready retort from Mark Twain, who replied that when a Frenchman reached a corresponding position of leisure and financial security he began an investigation as to who was his father. My children, living in Michigan today, can point with pride, if there be any pride in ancestry, to several generations back of their grandparents and can study the family trees from written records dating back to colonial and revolutionary days. The Whittlesey, Du Val and Ward books record the family of their mother back to the early settlement of America. The Revolutionary War record of Capt. James Black of Chester, Mass., which is in my possession, tells of four generations back of my own, through my mother, Orcelia Tanner Wallin. But of my father's ancestors, who came to this land after the Revolution, there is as yet no printed record of family history. That there shall be such a record, however, I am determined; and, as I have some leisure, I have set myself the task of putting together such facts as I can collect regarding the Wallin family that located in Michigan in 1836.

At my request my cousin, Jessy Wallin Heywood, has written "The Chicago Chapter."

The story of the beginnings of America, its exploration and its settlement, is the story of its water

courses, its navigable lakes and rivers. This is peculiarly true of Michigan, the land of the Great Lakes, and broad rivers flowing into those lakes.

The southern half of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan is well nigh covered by the valleys of three large rivers, the St. Joseph, the Kalamazoo and the Grand. These rivers head east of the middle of the state and, flowing west, they empty into Lake Michigan. With these three valleys, successively, in the order as named, the history of the Michigan Wallins has been identified for nearly a century.

A considerable amount of information is at hand regarding that branch of the Wallin family that moved from Gilbertsville, New York, to Michigan in 1836, information which I fear may be lost and forgotten unless it is compiled in some form which may be readily placed in safe keeping. Chief among the records available, of the very early days in Michigan, is a typewritten folio of 17 pages, written in 1904 by my uncle, Thomas Strongitharm Wallin, which he has captioned, "Brief Family History of the Michigan Wallins." I also have copies of 23 documents, mostly letters, collected by Thos. S. Wallin, which relate to the Wallin and Strongitharm families covering a full half century from 1803 to 1852. The originals of these were in the possession of Uncle Thomas when he had the copies made in Elgin in 1906.

Uncle's "Brief Family History" only carries the record of the Wallins to Chicago, and to the establishment there of the firm of C. C. Wallin & Son in 1851. In transmitting the papers to me, he expressed the hope that my father would complete the History, and would include the later years that followed the return of Father to Michigan from Chicago in 1853. Father, however, was never inclined to take up the work; though he was the member of the family most familiar

with the facts incident to the half century that followed the re-establishment of Wallins in Michigan, first at Saugatuck and later at Grand Rapids.

Thomas Strongitharm Wallin in my boyhood and early manhood was nearer to me than any other person excepting only my father. From my school days on I was often in his home, more than once living there for months at a time. He was my business mentor in youth and my business associate in later years. He was the namesake and favorite grandson of Thomas Strongitharm, of whom much will be said later in this brief history. To his grandfather and to his other intimate associates in his youth he was "Tom," but to about a score of the children and grandchildren of his brothers and sister he was always "Uncle Thomas," and in this account I shall, with affection, so refer to him.

Van A. Wallin.

Wallinwood Springs
Jenison, Ottawa County,
Michigan

THE MICHIGAN WALLINS

XIII

OUR ENGLISH ORIGIN

THE family that Dr. Charles C. Wallin brought from New York to the almost unbroken forest of Western Michigan in 1836 was English. The Doctor's father, Joseph Wallin, came from England; as did his wife's parents, Thomas Strongitharm and Maria Hollis Strongitharm. The Doctor's mother, Alice Curtis Wallin, was born in the United States; but her family came from England and settled first near Utica, New York. Members of the Curtis family came from New York State to Chicago before the Wallins and were among their most intimate friends, when the Wallin family later moved to Chicago.

Little is certain regarding the Wallin family in England. That the name was spelled "Walling" in the old country, and that Joseph came from Warwickshire, somewhere on the Avon River, at or near Stratford, Shakespeare's birthplace, is all quite certain, not only from the written record left by Thomas S. Wallin, but also from statements made to me by Carolyn Walling Perkins and Mary Wallin Ingersoll, Joseph's granddaughters, who lived close to their grandfather up to the time of his death in 1864. The inscription on the stone that marks the grave in the Prentice cemetery at Gilbertsville, New York, records the fact that he came from England in 1791. Other inscriptions on the tomb, of age and year of death, prove him to have been but fifteen years old when he came. Of his parents there is no record in the family burial plot, but his wife's parents, Henry and Alice Curtis, are both buried in the lot at Gilbertsville, beside the graves of Joseph Wallin and his two wives. As Henry

and Alice Curtis died in 1812 and Joseph Wallin died not until 1864, the lot in the little cemetery on the side of the hill may have been originally the Curtis family lot.

Mrs. Mary Wallin Ingersoll, my father's cousin, and a granddaughter of Joseph Wallin, was living at Vernon, N. Y. in 1928, and when I called upon her on the fifteenth of June of that year was 86 years old. She and her sister, Carolyn Walling Perkins, a year and a half younger than Mary, were living with Mrs. Ingersoll's son. Although in advanced years, they were in good health, cheerful and happily interested in my desire to learn all I could of the Wallin family. Cousin Mary and Cousin Carolyn, the oldest living Wallins, have vivid and accurate memory of their grandfather. Carolyn moved to the West when a young woman, and lived the greater part of her life in Chicago; but Mary has lived all her long life in, or near to Gilbertsville. They confirmed the understanding which we Western Wallins have always had as to the place of birth and the name. Said the final "g" was dropped because it was not usually pronounced. By this action, however, the young immigrant changed the word from a common English to a common Swedish name, doubtless quite unaware of the fact. Members of the family have often discussed the advisability of restoring the original spelling; but, so far as I know, only Cousin Carolyn Walling Perkins carries the "g." It is enough for me to find that the name on the gravestone of the first Wallin that came to this land is spelled the same as my father and grandfather have spelled it. Cousin Mary Wallin Ingersoll writes me that Joseph Wallin's parents did not come to this country, but that Joseph came with Abijah Gilbert, and that they both settled in Butternuts, later called Gilbertsville. This intimate

relation of the boy Joseph to Abijah Gilbert doubtless explains a statement by Uncle Thomas that there had always been an intimacy between his father, Chas. C. Wallin, and the Gilbert family. Uncle writes, "It seemed there were ties between them never explained to me." I doubt if Uncle Thomas knew that his father's father came from England with Gilbert. Joseph died in the home of his daughter, Pamelia Wallin Heslop, at Gilbertsville. At the time of his death, Mary Wallin Ingersoll was 22 years old and helped care for her Grandfather in his last illness. Mrs. Ingersoll was a favorite grandchild. The old man called her his little girl; and she remembers his many interesting talks, and recalls him as "a very genial old gentleman." Thos. S. Wallin says, "He was a good man, and a prosperous farmer, and left a good estate for that time; none of which (however it was so) came to my father."

The Strongitharm family, as established in England, is well authenticated; although of living members we have no knowledge. The family of Grandmother Dorothy Strongitharm Wallin is on record in the old country, and the name is prominent in the parish church and churchyard in Hamstall Ridware, Staffordshire. The church, St. Micheal's, is very old. A lengthy description of it is given in a book entitled, "Sketches in and around Litchfield and Rugely." The hamlet of Hamstall Ridware is about ten miles from the famous cathedral city of Litchfield. Father first visited it in 1895, Uncle Thomas in 1896, and I have been there twice, in 1911 and 1926. When Uncle and Father were at Hamstall Ridware, and when I was there in 1911, the rector of the church was Rev. J. O. Coussmaker. At his invitation my family and I took tea in his delightful garden one Sunday afternoon. In 1926 I met the new rector, Mr. Noble, and learned

that Mr. Coussmaker had passed away. Through the cooperation of these two pastors there has been some occasional cleaning of the tombstone and clearing of the family burial lot.

In the church is a tablet in memory of "Thomas Stronginthearm," who died in 1778 at the age of 65, and in the churchyard is a stone. This is a square monument on the south side of which are two inscriptions: one to "Thomas Strongitharm," who died in 1804 in his 60th year, and one to an Edward Strongitharm, who died in 1867. Under the Thomas Strongitharm name is written this verse:

In action prudent, in word sincere,
In friendship faithful and in honor clear.
Through life's vain scenes the same in every part,
A steady judgment and an honest heart.
Be ready mortals for the solemn call,
No matter what the means by which you fall.

The first four lines of the stanza I often repeat. They are a challenge to me and my family. I wish my life could have been worthy of such quatrain, though I know it is not; but who, I wonder, could, with an excess of theological fervor, have added those last two lines?

The Parish records, copied for Father by the Rector Coussmaker, together with the Certificate of Character, dated March 22, 1803, the original of which was in the hands of Uncle Thomas in 1904, prove that the tablet in the church and the stone in the churchyard relate to the father and grandfather of the young Thomas Strongitharm, who first came to America in 1803 and returned again with his bride in 1805. His first visit was a year before his father's death and his final settlement in the new country the year following that event. Following the visits in 1895 and 1896 Father and Uncle arranged for an inscription on one

side of the Strongitharm stone of the name of the last Thomas Strongitharm, their Grandfather, who is buried in Graceland Cemetery in Chicago. When I visited Hamstall Ridware in 1926 the stone was in good condition, the lettering of all the names distinct, and the coat of arms and the motto, "GOD IS OUR HOPE," easily legible. Several photographs of the church, churchyard and tomb are in the possession of various members of the Wallin family. A verse brought over by Thomas Strongitharm to America gives a tradition of the Norman origin of the name, dating back to the eleventh century. The couplet reads:

With William the Conqueror from Normandy we came,
In battle we fought valiantly and Stronginthearm is the name.

The coat of arms cut in the tombstone is a shield carrying three flexed arms with daggers in each hand. In the Parish register the name is sometimes spelled "Stronginthearm," but more frequently "Strongitharm." Some of the old letters refer to "Mr. Strong."

On the 15th day of April, 1805, Thomas Strongitharm and Maria Hollis were married in the Parish Church at Uttoxeter, only about 20 miles north of the Hamstall Ridware home. Two weeks later, on a Sunday morning, the bride and groom were on board a vessel ready to sail for New York with a total of fifteen cabin passengers, "besides what there are in the steerage." Uncle Thomas writes that the Hollis family were educated people, some professional men among them, and strong characters. Several of the relatives of the bride came over about this time or soon after and settled in Otsego County, New York. A last letter was sent ashore by the pilot boat written by the bride to her parents, which fortunately has been preserved and was in the collection of Thos. S.

Wallin. It probably was brought to this country by some members of the Hollis family, who followed their sister to America. An endorsement on the letter reads, "Letter Maria sent by the Pilot Bote, dated 28 of April 1805. Betsey brought it to our house on old May Day." The letter follows:

"Maria Strongthearm to H. Hollis, Boylestone.

"To be left at Mr. J. Bullis Currier, High Street,
Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. England.

28 April 1805.

"My honored Parents

"I take this opportunity of sending a line by the Pilot Boat; it is now Sunday morning, 10 o'clock. We are all on board and expect to get under way immediately. My health has been better than I expected since I left you. We are not likely to have a very quick passage, so do not be anxious about hearing from us. We shall certainly write from New York if we are spared till we reach there. It is astonishing what numbers go for America ever vessel that sails. There are fifteen cabin passengers in this ship besides what there are in the steerage, and there has gone as many as seventy in a vessel which sailed a few weeks ago. Be not unhappy about me, my kind indulgent parents, I am in the hand of the Almighty here as well as if I were upon land. I have wrote Miss Caroline a Circumstantial account of everything that has happened, which she will let you see if you please.

"Mr. Strong sends his duty with mine to you and love to my brothers. Give my love to Sister Betsey and give a kiss to my dear little boy. I know not that I can say anything more. Give my respects to all inquirers and sometimes think of me.

From your Affectionate Daughter,

Maria Strongitharm.

"P. S. I put Miss Caroline's letter into the post office."

There is no record in the family as to the passage, whether quick, or slow as anticipated by the bride, no date as to landing in New York nor arrival at the settlement of Butternuts; but it is quite certain that promptly after the young couple set their feet on the

shores of Manhattan Island they started for the new home which had been located by the groom two years before. And so it came about that in the year 1805 these two English families from the adjoining counties of Warwick and Stafford, the families of my great grand sires, Thomas Strongitharm and Joseph Wallin, found themselves neighbors in the beautiful little valley of Butternut Creek, a branch of the Unadilla River, in Otsego County, New York. At this time Joseph Wallin was 29 years old, and Alice Curtis, his wife, 23. Thomas Strongitharm was 24, his wife, Maria Hollis, about 29.

The date of marriage of Joseph and Alice I have been unable to find. The county records, or town records, were burned in a fire that destroyed the building that held them; but Cousin Mary Ingersoll says that her Grandfather, Joseph, married "at an early age," so it is altogether probable that when the young Strongitharm couple arrived from England they found Joseph Wallin and Alice Curtis, his wife, had been settled in their own home at least a few years. They had a baby boy, a year old, when the bride and groom arrived from England, whom they had named Charles Curtis Wallin.

Almost certainly these two English farmer families, located near each other in this community, became intimate friends and what could be a more natural outcome than that the little son, whose father came from Warwick, should, years later, marry the daughter of the Strongitharms, who came from Stratford.

The Strongitharm Home
Gilbertsville, N. Y.

GILBERTSVILLE

THERE is no large amount of information now available regarding the Wallin family or of Dr. Chas. C. Wallin, when living in the first home in America, at Gilbertsville. When the Doctor moved to Michigan in 1836 his children were youngsters. The oldest, Thomas, was under seven. He was the only one of the children who retained any memory of the New York home. After locating in the new home in the West the Doctor did not return to New York until 1850, though in his later life he visited the old home and his relatives there several times. His wife, Dorothy, returned only once, in 1845. Letters were infrequent, expensive and slow. Some correspondence was kept up between the new and the old home and in some of the letters that have been preserved there is reference to the Wallins as well as the Strongitharms in Gilbertsville. These letters, collected by Uncle Thomas and referred to in the preceding chapter, were mostly between various members of the Strongitharm families. Apparently there was not much correspondence between Chas. C. Wallin and his own people. His mother had died several years before he moved to Michigan, and there evidently was no great intimacy with his father, Joseph. In a letter written in 1839 to his brother-in-law, Mordecai Casson, he says, "Neither Father nor Alfred have condescended to write since I have been in this country." In some of the letters, however, there is reference to "Father Wallin" and to other members of the Wallin family, particularly Alfred and Pamelia, the doctor's brother

and sister. Of these 23 letters Uncle Thomas writes in 1906 as follows:

> "Ten of these letters were given me by Dorothy (Wallin King), who received them from her Uncle Major Woods of Idaho. Father must have left them with Brother Ned in Salt Lake City, and when his wife died Mrs. Woods took charge of them. They were in her hands over twenty years. Most of the remainder came to me through our cousin, Elizabeth Casson. (Mrs. Kernohan of Colorado). The last six came from her this summer, all written by our Grandfather Strongithearm, and are the best records we have of our boyhood days. We got no old letters from our parents and suppose they were destroyed in the great Chicago fire of 1871."

In his "Brief Family History" Thomas S. Wallin stated that, at the time of Chicago fire, his father, Dr. Chas. C. Wallin, was in the West. (I think in Salt Lake City, visiting his youngest son, Edwin C. Wallin). His household goods, which were boxed and stored in Chicago, were burned. Doubtless, if we had the correspondence and other written records stored with the household stuff in the store on Lake Street in 1871, we might have a much better picture of the early life of Dr. Chas. C. Wallin; of those first 32 years spent in New York State before he made the great venture into the forests of Michigan. We know that he was educated as a physician and practiced medicine. Where he studied, Uncle Thomas does not recall, though he remembers seeing his father's diploma which was also burned in the Chicago fire. A good deal of the Doctor's boyhood and youth was spent in New York City. He was always much attached to the city and when he retired from business lived there for over 15 years. My first memory of him, which must have been between 1875 and 1880, was when

he was visiting our family at Saugatuck when his home was in New York City.

The family of Joseph and Alice Curtis Wallin at Gilbertsville composed a large group. Six children were born to them: Charles C., Mary Ann, Alfred C., William H., Pamelia and William. Mary Ann was drowned in Butternut Creek when a young lady and William H. died in childhood. Pamelia married Mr. John Heslop and made her home, all her life, near Gilbertsville. William, the youngest of the sons of Joseph, was injured in an accident. He suffered a fractured skull, and became mentally deranged. Some of his children or grandchildren moved to the far West, and it is believed that members of his branch of the Wallin family are now in Washington or Oregon.

Alfred has been a favorite family name. Grandfather, Father and I have each had a brother Alfred. Of this first Alfred, who was born January 16, 1814, Uncle Thomas has written, "I remember (him) very well. He was often spoken of in our family and always kindly." Alfred married Sarah Marie Scofield of Butternuts, in 1838. When his wife came to him she brought to the new home a counterpane which she had spun and woven, carrying an intricate and beautiful pattern in dark blue and white with her maiden name and the date, 1838, woven into two corners. This counterpane I purchased in 1930 of Alfred's daughter, Carolyn Walling Perkins.

In the correspondence between Michigan and Gilbertsville there is a suggestion that Alfred thought of coming West with some members of his mother's family, the Curtises. Later Charles Curtis, Chas. C. Wallin's cousin, did move to Chicago. He became prosperous and well known there and was an intimate in Uncle Thomas' home for many years. Uncle says

of this cousin, "I think of him as the best friend I ever had, and also the most intimate associate although he was nearly twenty years my senior." I remember, as a young lad, meeting Cousin Charles Curtis in Uncle Thomas' Dearborn Avenue house, a vigorous, hearty, positive type and one of the few ready to dispute and challenge Uncle, of whom we young people stood in a good deal of awe.

In spite of the thought of moving west, Alfred settled on a farm near Gilbertsville. He raised a large family. Two of his granddaughters, Mrs. Daisy Wallin Root and Mrs. Gertrude Wallin Daniels, are now living in the village. In June of 1928 and again in the Fall of 1929, with my wife, I visited at Gilbertsville. On the latter occasion we spent the night at the home of Mr. Daniels, who is the postmaster. On both occasions we were most happily welcomed and entertained as kinfolk by Cousin Gertrude and Cousin Daisy. Alfred's children were Mary, Carolyn, Theodore, Hezekiah and Lincoln.

As stated previously, Mary and Carolyn, Alfred's daughters, are both living, the only members of the third generation of Wallins in America, the generation to which my father belonged. I have a letter from Mary Wallin Ingersoll, dated November 10, 1930, from her home in Vernon, New York, with some family information; and, following a letter from Carolyn Walling Perkins, written from Chicago, I have had, in December of 1930, an extended conversation with her regarding her grandfather, Joseph Wallin. Cousin Carolyn says that Joseph ran away from the old country, going to America to avoid being compelled to join the English Army. He was the youngest of a large family and had begun to learn the carpenter's trade when he left his Warwick home and brought with him to this country some of his carpenter tools.

Although of medium height he seemed small when compared with his brothers and sons, several of whom were over six feet tall. His first wife, Alice Curtis Wallin, died at the age of fifty on February 10, 1832, and later he married a widow, Eleanor Condit Dickenson, who is remembered by Carolyn Perkins as "a lovely woman" and who gave Mrs. Perkins the name of "Carolyn." Joseph had no children by his second wife. After the death of his wife, Eleanor, he lived part of the time with his son Alfred and later with his daughter, Pamelia Wallin Heslop, where he died April 16, 1864, at the age of 88 years. Carolyn Walling Perkins says he was "the nicest, sweetest old gentleman I ever knew, but he was never converted and would have no Bible in his house." It seems that in his old age he divided his property among his children and later regretted his action. He cautioned his son Alfred never to make that mistake for, said he, "You are more welcome in your old age if you have some money about you." Joseph must have been competent and industrious, as he had accumulated a good deal of property in and about Gilbertsville, though all the wealth he is supposed to have had to start with was represented by the few carpenter tools he brought over from England.

Carolyn's two brothers, Hezekiah Wallin and Lincoln Wallin, both moved to Chicago when young men and practiced their profession, dentistry, there. Hezekiah married a widow with children. He had none of his own, and Lincoln never married. Both died several years ago in young manhood. Theodore's children are Daisy, Gertrude, Caroline, Alfred, Ruth and Charles.

Grandfather Wallin (Dr. Chas. C. Wallin) married in 1828 when he was 24 years old. Grandmother, Dorothy Strongitharm Wallin, was a bride of sixteen.

One of my early memories is of being told that my Grandmother was only sixteen when she married. Apparently the Doctor, following his marriage, went to live in the Strongitharm home, where within a year Thomas S. Wallin was born in December, 1829. The house is still standing and in good repair, and is today known as the "Strongitharm house." I visited it in 1928, being courteously shown about by the owner, a Mr. Barnes. It is almost opposite the home of Daisy Wallin Root.

The young couple moved about some before the final migration to Michigan. They spent a year or more in Pennsylvania, in Tioga County, near the borderline of New York, where the Doctor did some lumbering, and it was while engaged in this enterprise, in the town of Nelson, Pa., that my father, Franklin Bogue Wallin, was born, March 25, 1832. Father's middle name was that of a minister whom the parents much admired. The Pennsylvania sojourn must have been brief, for, soon after the baby was born, they returned to the Strongitharm home at Gilbertsville. Here a daughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1834; and a third son, Alfred, in 1836.

When the Strongitharms settled in the Butternuts Valley in 1805 they must have brought with them from England some cash resources. Thomas Strongitharm, the elder, the father of the Thomas who came to this country, and who had died only the year before the son settled in America, is described by the minister and other officials of the Parish of Hamstall Ridware, in the letter of testimonial brought over by the young man, as a "Freeholder and Proprietor of some Houses and Lands." Probably a share of this estate was brought to this country, for a good home was built, a large amount of land was acquired in what is now a part of the village of Gilbertsville, and

the early letters make reference to loans and gifts of amounts that must at that time have represented a considerable estate. Into this home there came three daughters who grew to womanhood, Maria, Sarah and Dorothy. The oldest, Maria, married a cousin, William Hollis; Sarah married Modecai Casson and lived at Garretsville, a small town about 15 miles north of Gilbertsville, and Dorothy married the young Doctor Wallin. Modecai Casson was a Quaker. The tradition is that when he married outside the church of his fathers, the elders of the congregation called upon him to confess his sin and repent. His answer, famous in the family and worthy a young lover, was "To say that I am sorry that I broke the rules of the Church, that I will; but to say I am sorry that I married Sarah, that I will not."

Modecai and Sarah Casson raised a large family, some of whom came to Michigan. One of the sons, Thomas, who settled near Saginaw, several times visited my father, in Grand Rapids, and his sister, Elizabeth, lived in Father's home for about a year. She married in Father's house, when I was a youth, to a Mr. Kernohan, first settling in Nebraska and then in Colorado. Both Thomas and Elizabeth have passed on. Elizabeth Kernohan's daughter spent a day with Mrs. Wallin and me in Chicago only a few years ago, as she was passing through the city from Saginaw back to her Colorado home.

No sons were born to Thomas and Maria Strongitharm. The family name, so far as we know, began and ended, in this country, with that English Freeholder who came to America in 1805 and was buried in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, in 1852.

Maria Hollis Strongitharm died in Burlington, N. Y., February 19, 1843. Burlington is about twenty miles from Gilbertsville and near to Garrattsville, the

home of Modecai and Sarah Casson, the three villages all in Otsego county. A death notice in the *Gospel Messenger,* published in Utica, N. Y., under date of April 22, 1843, contains this paragraph: "Died, Mrs. Maria, consort of Mr. Thos. Strongitharm, in the 68th year of her age. Mrs. S. was a native of Derbyshire, England, emigrated with her husband about 40 years since and settled in Butternuts, Otsego county, N. Y. Possessed of a superior mind and strength of character, she has been a blessing to the family and generation."

Grandfather Wallin (Dr. Chas. C. Wallin) has told me that he could remember the War of 1812. The land and naval battles fought in Western New York and on Lake Erie were near enough to his home in Gilbertsville to be very real to him. Uncle Thomas is authority for the statement that Grandfather saw Robert Fulton's first steamboat on the Hudson. Also that he attended the celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal. This was in 1825, three years before he married. He had traveled some as a young man outside his home village, and spoke of acquaintance in Fairfield, Conn. and Castleton, Vt. Possibly this wider range of experience was coincident with his education as a physician. As a young man he was a Whig in politics, and President Fillmore was a personal friend, as were also Fillmore's law partners, Hall and Havens, who became members of Fillmore's cabinet. All three men were prominent in New York state politics and residents of Buffalo.

Sometime in 1835 Thomas Strongitharm sold the Gilbertsville farm and home and in August of that year, the 11th, he, with his son-in-law, Chas. C. Wallin, "set off for Indiana, in good spirits indeed" to look over the opportunities for locating in the West. There is no record of their stops in Indiana nor of

their return. Uncle Thomas says that they visited Chicago but did not consider it a fit place for a family, preferring the forest country of Southern Michigan, near the Indiana line. On this trip they must have located the lands on the St. Joseph River, to which the Doctor and his family came the following year.

THE ST. JOSEPH VALLEY

THE world-famous Professor Einstein arrived in New York this week; the scientist whose thoughts are so profound that only one or two people in this country claim to understand him at all. Einstein says there is no time. He has not said there are no dates. Dates are the hitching posts of memory. Some dates we should always have handy, they help relate events, one to another. A few of special significance I hope my family will bind upon their foreheads.

The year 1776 is the unique date for Americans, but it is doubly memorable for Wallin Americans. It marks the birth of the oldest American Wallin, as well as the birth of our country. Another date fixed in my mind is 1836. In this year my Uncle Alfred was born and in this year was the migration made to Michigan. The second journey to Chicago and the new firm of C. C. Wallin & Son is marked in 1851; the Great Fire swept the city to an ash heap in 1871; and in 1881 came the trek of Father's family from Saugatuck to Grand Rapids.

Let us turn back to that year 1836, when Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, when Michigan was still a territory into which the tide of immigration was streaming from the East, mostly by the way of Buffalo and Detroit. Let us follow the immigrants as they journeyed from the steep uplands of the head waters of the Susquehanna to that country, comparatively level, where the waters of the Mississippi and those of Lake Michigan mingle and separate; from the high hills and narrow valley of

Butternuts Creek to the low hills and broad valleys of the St. Joseph River.

The old clock that Thomas Strongitharm brought over from England, that afterward lodged in the home of the Quaker son-in-law, Mordecai Casson, has ticked off the hours of 101 years since that favorite first grandson, Thomas S. Wallin, was born in the Strongitharm home in Gilbertsville. The changes of a century in habit and thought, in physical environment and mental horizon, are no where more vividly revealed than in transportation. When Dr. Wallin took his household from New York State to the territory of Michigan, he traveled by stage from Gilbertsville to Syracuse, by the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and the schooner "Julia Hunter" from Buffalo to Detroit. Thence by teams and wagons, driving night and day, the family rode from Detroit through the Michigan forests across the territory to the Valley of the St. Joseph River. A month to complete a journey which the granddaughter Ruth, of that first grandson, could make today in a four-hour hop with her husband in his new Ryan plane.

A century of progress in science and in religion has passed since the birth of that baby boy in the Doctor's household; and behold, there is held this year the Lambeth Conference which has committed the Church of England to the approval of birth control. That same church which certified the character of Thomas Strongitharm in 1803. No easy avoidance of the responsibilities of marriage, of parental obligation, in those early days in Gilbertsville. Joseph Wallin himself was said to be the youngest of a family of fifteen. And when Dorothy Strongitharm Wallin wrote her younger sister Sarah that Sarah "must have her number," she could look with pride on her own four as the fruit of her eight years of married life.

The oldest, Thomas, was six years and the youngest, Alfred, but six months old when the family came to Michigan. Franklin was four and Elizabeth (Libby) a toddler of two years.

The opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 provided a waterway to the West, immeasurably cheaper and more comfortable than the earlier team transport. This new route was particularly available to Michigan. It stimulated an immigrant tide, rising to importance in about 1830, when settlers began to locate on rivers flowing into the Great Lakes. The largest part of this influx came from New England and New York. Naturally the Eastern part of the territory was settled first. The grandfather of Mark Norris, my wife's cousin and foster brother, who was himself a Mark Norris, settled in Ypsilanti on the Huron River in 1827. That portion of the territory near to the shores of Lake Michigan and in the valleys of the streams flowing into the lake was occupied but little later. St. Joseph saw its first permanent settlement in 1829; Saugatuck in 1830 and Grand Haven in 1831.

When the Wallin family left Gilbertsville in 1836 they expected to take full advantage of this all water route, and travel by sailing vessel from Buffalo around the lakes to St. Joseph; but the rough seas of Lake Erie were too much for the young mother. She was so sick by the time the little schooner reached Detroit that it was decided to disembark there; so the family proceeded overland to Buchanan, while the household goods continued on by boat.

That the journey was difficult, and that there were hardships is certain. Dorothy, writing to her mother in October, 1839, three years after the trip, says "Doctor thinks you might with safety come and spend a few months with us by coming in the Winter, but I

can't encourage it, for when I reflect how sick I was coming from Buffalo to Detroit I think it will never do for Mother to come here." The trip to the West from Detroit was largely through unbroken forest, the way not much more than a trail. Frequent stops were made to clear the road of fallen timber. The men walked the most of the time, the women and children occupying the lumber wagons.

There was some annoyance from Indians. That same year a treaty had been concluded with the Indians by which they ceded practically all the Lower Peninsula to the Government, but the tribes were still there. Especially in Western Michigan, the home of the Ottawas and Potawatomies, Indians were numerous. Only a few years before there had been massacres, and, as late as 1836, a good deal of anxiety still pervaded the public mind.

There is no definite record as to the date the family reached their destination other than that it was in the Fall. Apparently they first stopped at Niles before going on to the final destination in the valley. Here they moved into the log house of one room, built before their arrival. This was the first home of the Michigan Wallins. It was on land covered by pre-emption rights bought by Grandfather, C. C. Wallin. Possibly these rights were purchased in 1835, when he and his father-in-law had first visited the country. The land was located on McCoy's creek about a quarter of a mile from the point where it empties into the St. Joseph river and about a half-mile from the present village of Buchanan. On the property was a saw mill and there, later, the doctor built a shingle mill and grist mill; all small, no doubt, but large enough to provide the needs of the community.

A "History of Berrien County," written by Judge Orville W. Cooledge, devotes a chapter to the town-

ship of Buchanan. In the book is a paragraph which pretty clearly proves that Grandfather Wallin did purchase his claims on McCoy's Creek the year before he came with his family to the valley. Judge Cooledge says:

"The first person to settle in the township is said to have been Charles Cowles, who came to Niles in 1832 from Vermont and located on the present site of Buchanan village in 1833 where he erected a cabin. He shortly afterward built a shingle mill on McCoy's Creek. In 1834 John Hatfield located near Cowles and built a sawmill on the creek. In 1835 Cowles and Hatfield sold their claims to Dr. C. C. Wallin."

Another old record states that Dr. C. C. Wallin, a physician, practiced his profession in Buchanan until 1843 when he removed to Berrien Springs, and that while he lived in Buchanan he was connected with various industries and established a grist mill at a very early date. He was the first supervisor of the township, in 1837.

The one-room log house must have seemed poor indeed compared with the commodious, well-built home they had lived in at Gilbertsville. But in this respect they were as well off as their neighbors, for there was not a frame house in the township. I have often heard my father speak of that first home. There was an attic overhead, reached by a permanent ladder on the wall and in this attic slept the boys, Thomas, Frank and Alfred; while the parents and Libby made their beds in the room that served as living room, dining room and kitchen.

A half-mile across the creek and through a belt of woods was a Potawatomi village. Uncle Thomas knew the Chief, "Squaga." A mile farther down the river was another Chief, "Moccasin." I have heard Father tell of the Indians. They would ride up to the cabin

on their ponies and beg his mother for bread. If the loaf was forthcoming they would race their ponies, throwing the bread high in the air ahead of them and catch it as it fell. Sometimes they came around drunk, insolent and ugly, demanding with threatening gestures "Godamshug." There was a loaf of sugar in the home, kept for unusual occasions of entertainment and this was greatly coveted by the redskins. At times they would peer in at the windows and door of the log schoolhouse, which was near the Indian village, and frighten the children. The teacher, Sarah Willet, who later became Father's stepmother, and is the Grandmother Wallin whom I remember, was not a person to be intimidated however; and, armed with a stout whip cut in the woods, would drive away a whole group. It was not until 1840 that the tribes were removed to the Western reservations.

The legend on the seal of the State of Michigan, translated, reads, "If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look about you." At least in the first years in the St. Joseph valley this sentiment was that of Chas. C. Wallin and his family. Letters to the old home in New York describe the new land with enthusiasm. In a letter written by the doctor in January, 1838, he says:

"I am much pleased with the County I live in. I don't know but it is the best County of land I know of in the United States and I have seen a great many of them (but not all)."

He reports the seasons not as cold as New York and on the whole the land more healthy than in Otsego County. He refers to Berrien County as a great wheat country.

"Wheat at $1.00; corn, not shelled, at 4 shillings, and oats at 3/6 and a ready cash market for all we have to sell at the door." The young doctor, who was

also farmer, miller and lumberman, was probably justified in advising the Cassons, back in Otsego County, "Farmers make double the money here they do in York State."

The next year, however, the letters tell a different story. The "Sickly summer" of 1838, with the whole family in bed with the ague a large part of the time, had taken the hopeful note from the messages back home. Of this discouraging summer there is considerable reference in the letters written by the doctor and his wife as well as in the "Brief History" written by Uncle Thomas.

"Fever and ague" or "Chills and Fever," the malaria of today, raged in the settlement, visiting almost every home, bringing death to many in the log cabins of the pioneers. The Wallin family had it about as bad as any, "as bad as possible and still live."

The epidemic became serious in May and continued even into the following January. At times every member of the family was prostrate. Frequently " a full day and night would pass with no one able to make a cup of tea or coffee for the other." Through all the trouble there was no nurse and no help "except that once in two or three days a widow woman came in and did what she could."

The doctor could take but slight professional advantage of this ill wind which might have blown him some good. He was too sick to take care of his practice, much of the time too weak to ride, and, further, was hampered by inability to secure medicine. Although quinine had been introduced into the United States only a few years, the sulphate being first made in 1823, still the doctor relied upon this remedy and complained because he could not secure it in sufficient quantities.

Uncle Thomas was then eight years old and writes

of the distressing time with bitter recollection. He says:

"Mosquitoes, very bad. Netting never heard of. We fought them off with a smudge. All the water came from a spring some rods away and down a steep hill. Never heard of such a thing as ice in summer. No fruit except wild berries and dried apples. That summer took all our courage out of us."

He wanted to go back to New York State and learn to be a farmer under the direction of his Uncle Mordecai Casson, where he could have "green apple dumpling and pies," luxuries far beyond the longings of any settlers in Michigan, rich or poor. Of my father, however, this word of cheer is revealed:

"Frank is as pudgy and fat as ever; the ague don't depress his spirits." Frank was then six, about the age of his great, great grandson, Frank, now watching me as I laboriously peck out the words on my typewriter.

In a letter written apparently early in 1839 the doctor says,

"Ague and fever of a very malignant character prevails in all these rich level countries. This year has taken thousands to their long home . . . I mean to try this country one more year and if we continue sickly I shall then seek for some more healthy one."

By July, 1839, however, a letter from Dorothy to her sister, Mrs. Casson, reveals a much more happy situation. She reports cheerful news to relieve the anxiety of the folks back home.

"We are doing much better than we have been for a year past. Doctor's health is good, for him; the children are all well but Thomas, he is not able to go to school but part of the time. Frank is as fat and pudgy as ever. Elizabeth learns well and has pieced 20 blocks toward a quilt. Alfred is a great boy and

as homely as ever. My health is good. There is scarcely a week but I earn something besides doing my work. We are contented and don't intend moving if we have our health here. The country is generally healthy. Crops look fine and bid fair for an abundant harvest." The Wallin family remained in Michigan with no thought again of returning East.

In those first years another disaster well nigh wrecked the whole pioneering venture. As has been stated, the property on McCoy's Creek, including the log cabin and other improvements was held under pre-emption rights. These rights, or claims, had been surveyed and occupied by the early settlers who came into the territory before the official survey of the land had been made by the government. After the official survey the settlers were probably negligent in recording their claims. At any rate the doctor, as well as many of his neighbors, one day woke up to the astounding fact that the State claimed his land. They were to be siezed as University lands, granted to the State by the National government for the support of the new University later established at Ann Arbor. A great clamor was raised at the injustice of depriving these settlers of their hard won properties, which included, in the case of Doctor Wallin, not only the land but also considerable in the way of expensive improvements, including clearing, home, waterpower and mill.

An organized effort was made to remedy the situation and return the properties to the settlers. The doctor with others spent one winter in Detroit, then the capital of the State, and succeeded in getting a relief bill passed by the legislature which, however, was vetoed by the Governor, Stephen T. Mason, and failed to become a law. Of course the settlers were very bitter against the Governor. They felt that they had been robbed of their property. The doctor never

had a kind word for the University of Michigan, and positively no use for the Democratic party. Mason was a Democrat, the Doctor a Whig.

Through this unfortunate experience the Doctor lost his property on McCoy's creek and in 1840 moved to Berrien, the County seat. Here he began anew to make a home in Michigan, practicing his profession in the village.

Referring to these days at Berrien Springs Uncle Thomas writes:

"We were doubtless very poor. I remember pants and jackets worn by brother Frank and I that were spun, wove and made up by our mother and that a man on the street once made jokes about them; but we were not distressed by our poverty. We lived in a small, poor, house, but it had three rooms and a small unfinished garret and was much finer than the one we had left, and there were plenty others no better."

Evidently the loss of the property on McCoy's creek, near Buchanan, did not wholly wipe out the little family wealth for they were able to exchange some of their Buchanan land for a farm about five miles from Berrien. It was a poor farm with a frame house on it, a small orchard and about 20 acres under cultivation and about 40 under fence. "Dorothy has the deed to herself and her heirs." I suspect that the loss of the Buchanan property, the failure to establish title, was due to carelessness on the part of the Doctor for, in the letter quoted above, written in December, 1840, he says that he has not only suffered from "misfortunes, sickness and bad luck," but also from "bad management." Still he is hopeful and cheerful, he was then only 36, and believes "we are as well off as when we came to this country." He does not wish to

return and claims to be pleased with their present situation. Of the family he writes:

"The children will all go to school this winter. Sir Hector (Alfred), pants and frock coat, is, I believe, thought by the family to be a little the cutest of the whole. Elizabeth has left off sucking her thumb and takes to her forefinger when she is in trouble. Frank is as fat as ever and about as large as Thomas. Thomas would read all the time if he could."

The hard times following the boom period of 1836 had set in. He says they must wait for Harrison and prosperity and quotes produce in Michigan. "Wheat 4/, corn 2/, potatoes 1/, pork 2½ to 3 cents a pound, cows 12 to 15 Dolls." Prices about half those reported two years earlier in letters to Gilbertsville.

One of the governing reasons for moving to Berrien Springs, in 1840, then the County Seat, was the better schools. When the family first settled in the woods in 1836, however, there was a school, where Thomas and Franklin got their first training. That first summer of 1837 the "little daughter" could not go, as the school was a mile away through the woods. She had to stay at home with her young brother Alfred, ("Sir Hector"), who was even then, evidently, a dominating character and though only two years old, "as straight as an Indian and tough as a knot, complete master of poor Lib." In this school in the woods there was room for 40 pupils. When the young mother, Dorothy, described the school-maam as a "female teacher from the State of Maine, I suppose very competent," she was happily ignorant that fate would one day place this teacher in her own home to be the stepmother of Tom, Frank, Lib, Sir Hector and the baby to come, Edwin. Uncle Thomas has given us a good description of this pioneer school. No doubt, many in Michigan in those early days were like it.

"It was a small log house not far from the Indian village and Miss Willett was the teacher. The seats were long benches made of slabs with two-inch augur holes near the ends for legs. The desks a wide shelf around the outer walls, placed at a slight incline. A huge fireplace and two small windows. A door, generally open, gave us most of our light. The floor was very rough and open and we often lost little things down its wide cracks. Our first four years of school was in this house and another similar but a little better."

The school at Berrien Springs was larger and was administered by no "female teacher." Amos Grey was the teacher in charge when the Wallin children entered. It was one room, built to accommodate 60 pupils but often had more. Again Uncle Thomas refers to the school:

"They were all sizes and numerous classes and some were reciting about all the time, with frequent interruptions for explanations to individual scholars, corrections, punishments or making a pen. We wrote with quill pens which teachers were to make and repair as called on, also write a copy at top of page in copy book and help us when we couldn't make our sums come right. The scholars spent most of their time on the 'three Rs,' spelling and geography. A few got into grammar and a very few, of which I was one, took some algebra and natural philosophy. My parents would gladly have given me more schooling but I was badly needed for work."

It is evident that the family were all impressed with the importance of the schools, primitive though they were, and the value to be derived from faithful attendance. In the winter of 1839, when Alfred, then the youngest, was not yet four years old, all the children were in the log schoolhouse in the woods. Dorothy,

writing to her mother says: "Frank is as fat and good natured as ever. It would please you to see him, how kind he is to his little brother when they go to school, its no matter who runs ahead, Frank stays behind to attend to Bubby."

In 1846, when Uncle Thomas was 16 years old, his father arranged to send the boy for a half year to Notre Dame College. Notre Dame is located in the St. Joseph Valley, a little north of South Bend, and was not far from the Wallin home at Berrien Springs. The Doctor made "a dicker with Father Sorin," President of the College, to take a black mare, the Doctor's only horse, in payment for the five months of higher education. The college was founded in 1842, chartered in 1844, and so was in its very beginnings when Uncle Thomas went there. Notre Dame, now famous in football scholastics as the home of the invincible "IRISH," was then almost wholly French. The teachers were mostly French priests and French was more freely spoken on the grounds than English. Of this frontier college Uncle Thomas writes:

"My recollections of the place are on the whole agreeable. I was well acquainted with the leading men who founded the institution; Father Sorin, the President; Father Cointe, Father Guesse, Father Shaw, Brother Gatian and some others whose names do not come to me now. Father Shaw was an Englishman who fought at Waterloo and had a sabre cut across the nose, was fonder of telling stories than giving lectures. So far as learning goes it was almost nothing. I found only one man who could teach me algebra, Brother Gatian, and I think he was not much ahead of me. I had never come in contact with Catholics before and my ideas about them were much changed and broadened, for which I have been thankful all my life."

This small bit of advanced learning was secured only by sacrifice. When the doctor traded the black mare it doubtless meant that his calls would be made on foot in the coming winter. There was no money for any purpose beyond sheer necessities. Uncle had no overcoat in which to start away to college, never had worn one. Indeed, he remembered having but one coat of any kind, that year at Notre Dame, and it was the coldest winter he had ever known. A rigorous experience was college life. A number of the boys had their feet and fingers frozen sitting in the study room and Tom was one of the group. His feet were so swollen with frost that he could not wear his boots for some months.

In April, 1843, word was received from Sarah Casson that her mother had died. The bride who had sailed from England with her husband, Thomas Strongitharm, in April, 38 years before. Dorothy Wallin promptly wrote expressing the wish that she might go to her sister to "mingle my grief with yours"; but as that is impossible urges that her Father come to Michigan. The suggestion was soon accomplished. The record left by Uncle Thomas is that his mother went East in 1846 and brought her father home; but apparently the trip must have been made earlier than this as there are letters written by Thomas Strongitharm in 1845 from Berrien Springs.

This Grandfather Strongitharm evidently was much loved in the Wallin household. He lived in the home of his son-in-law until his death in Chicago in 1852. I have often heard Father and Uncle Thomas tell of his ways and quaint conversations. He had the typical English countryman's accent, including the abuse of the H's. The doctor was not much of a farmer, indeed his father-in-law writes that he was "a mere cypher except in his profession," and the old gentleman

undertook the job of teaching proper farming to his grandsons, Thomas and Franklin. Some times there were discouraging comments on the plowing as "all umps and illocks."

The letters of this Grandfather Strongitharm throw a bright light on the ways of the household and his own sturdy, God-fearing, character. In letters to his daughter Sarah, dated in July and October, 1845, these paragraphs are illuminating. Referring to his son-in-law who, though no farmer, was, after all, all right, he says:

"The people begin to find out as being the best in this part of the county, so I am in hopes that with Thomas' industry and the Doctor's practice they will see better times . . . The children are all very good to their parents, but I think not more so than they are to their old Grandpa . . . Dorothy is one of the best of wives and the Doctor knows it. Indeed, she says he is the best of husbands, and I think he does as well as he can considering he has the complaint of his mother."

Evidently some of Grandfather Strongitharm money had gone into the ill-fated Michigan pre-emption claims; for in one of his letters to his daughter Sarah he says that he has been to visit the landed property he was robbed of by "a fool of a Governor and a set of black-coated scoundrels." He makes no charges of carelessness against his son-in-law in the matter, however, and is satisfied that "Dr. Wallin did all that a man could do to save the property."

In a letter dated July 8, 1845, is the first reference I have found to the tanning industry, destined to form so large a part in the family history. In a concluding paragraph he sends this message from "Honest Frank": "If Uncle Casson wishes, he will tan your hides. He is prentice to a Tannery."

The children were growing up, getting to be of some help in the ever-pressing problem of "keeping out of debt," a problem often referred to in the early correspondence. Further, there is evidence that the problem was solved with satisfaction. The doctor and his wife were evidently not of the type that easily borrows for living expenses, better go without was their policy.

When Thomas returned from his brief college life he went to work in the store of Stevens and Landon at Berrien Springs. His pay was $8.00 a month and board. He slept, alone, in the store and was expected to have the place swept and open for business at seven o'clock in the morning. At nine at night he closed shop and went to bed. He was then about sixteen years old. The second year of this work he was to get $10.00 a month but his health gave way and he had to get out of the store and go to work on the farm, where he cleared land and put in crops, largely under the direction of his English grandfather, and soon got back his health.

Franklin was "prentice to a tannery" at Buchanan, going there in 1845 at the age of thirteen. His boss was the good Methodist deacon, Uriel Enos, whom Father has often referred to. The boy lived in the home of the deacon, became a member of the family. It was there that he received the impetus toward the active religious life that was with him all his days. This refernee to the life at the deacon's should not be taken as indicating a lack of religion in the Wallin home, which was a God-fearing household. That first year in Michigan, when living in the log cabin on McCoy's creek, the young mother writes that her greatest trial is that she "can't go to meeting and take the children, as we have no wagon and are five miles away." There is frequent reference in those early let-

ters to the orthodox Christian faith; in God the Father and Jesus the Saviour.

At this time, while the family were still at Berrien Springs, Elizabeth was too young to go outside the home in an effort to add to the family income; but I am sure she was a great help to her mother in the house. Another baby had come. Edwin, the fourth boy, was born in 1846. Elizabeth was then twelve. No doubt the "Little Daughter" took her share of the work and I can imagine that she did it faithfully, quietly, and without complaint. In all my years of experience with "Aunt Lizzie" I have never seen her when she was not quietly going about her work for others with no thought of saving herself. Her grandfather Strongitharm describes her in 1845 as "a tender thing and a good girl." She must have been faithful in her school work, too; for when the family moved back to Buchanan, when she was only sixteen, she began teaching school in the village.

Uncle Thomas writes that Berrien Springs was the most interesting place in the world to him and "as the home of my boyhood and youth is the best remembered." My father did not often speak of it. He was only thirteen when he returned to Buchanan, and we can easily see why his memories of the County Seat would not be as vivid as those of his older brother. In his "Brief History" Uncle Thomas names many of the families with whom the Wallins were intimate. Only two names are significant to me; Smith and Graham. After Uncle Thomas moved to Chicago he married Eliza Graham, in December, 1853. Tradition has it that they had been engaged for seven years before they felt financially able to undertake the responsibilities of marriage. She was the tragic bride of his youth, for she died only a few months after they were married. The Smith boys have left their name

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in the history of Michigan in large letters. The son of one of those boys is William Alden Smith, United States Senator from Michigan for many years, and now prominent in the business and civic life of Grand Rapids, a staunch friend of the Wallins. I met him frequently when he was in Congress and see him often in Grand Rapids now.

While the family was living in Berrien Springs, a town had grown up near the old homstead on McCoy's creek, on the farm of the neighbor and friend, Alonzo Day; the town of Buchanan. In 1848 the family moved back to their old neighborhood and the Doctor bought the tannery owned by Deacon Enos where his son Franklin had been working during the previous three years, learning the art and mystery of tanning.

The tannery was very small. The only machinery was a bark mill, the power supplied by an old gray horse. The Doctor also bought forty acres of land on the edge of the town with a small house on it. Thomas went to work in the tannery with his brother Frank, the Doctor carried on his practice of medicine and Grandfather Strongitharm did his part in taking care of the garden. The additional capital supplied by the Doctor, and the energy supplied by the two sons extended the business of the tannery. Soon the plant had increased its output to one hide daily. Connections were made with a shoe shop and a harness shop which provided an assured market for the product, and business prospered.

There is hanging in my room as I write a currier's steel used by Father in that first, small tannery in 1848. It was given to me by Sheridan Enos, a son of Deacon Enos, in 1892. The blade is hand forged and the handle, apparently of walnut, whittled out with a pocket knife. This old steel, used by my father

83 years ago, when an apprenticed currier, 16 years old, is a mute emblem of the very first faltering steps of the Wallin family in the great tanning industry. Since that early day, the family has been directly or indirectly ever connected continuously with leather, leather products, and leather by-products.

In 1850 Grandfather Strongitharm writes that the doctor has been made postmaster and gives the following quaint account of his appointment. The letter is to his Quaker son-in-law and is couched in Quaker terms:

"I will tell thee how he got it. When the cabbinett changed from Democrat to Wig the Wigs were determined to have a Wig postmaster. The Dr. Wallin told them to let the old postmaster keep his place for he was a very good one, but they said no, they would have one of their own choosing. Well, said the Dr. Wallin, 'I will have the post office myself!' They laughed at him to think of him having the post office without their consent, but the Doctor wrote to a man, an old friend, a power in Washington and soon came his appointment, and they could not have made a better choice for he is competent for it or as a physician. But the latter is a dull business."

It will be remembered that Millard Fillmore was a personal friend of the Doctor. Fillmore became President in 1850. The "power in Washington" was probably one of Fillmore's law partners, Hall or Haven, at that time in the Cabinet.

In 1843 the Michigan Central railroad had been extended West as far as Jackson and in 1848, or 1849, Uncle Thomas saw the first train come into Niles. A year or so later New Buffalo was the terminus. The road was not completed to Chicago until 1852. Uncle Thomas spent a part of one year clerking in a store at Niles while the owner, named Ferson,

went East for goods. He also worked for a short time in the store of Alonzo Bennett at New Buffalo. I think it was of the Niles storekeeper that Uncle used to tell the story of the merchant who bought each year a bolt of broadcloth for men's Sunday clothes. When the piece came into the store it was unwound and about one-third rewound onto another board. When a buyer came in he was shown the larger piece and the price named, at, let us say $5.00 a yard. If the buyer was choosey and difficult, indicating a desire to "see something better," the old merchant's instructions were to get out the smaller bolt of cloth and offer it at $6.00. After careful examination, but with no advice across the counter, the meticulous buyer would often take the $6.00 goods.

During the Summer of 1850 the Doctor renewed the early intimate relations with his cousin, Charles H. Curtis, who had moved from New York to Chicago. It will be remembered that the Doctor's mother was Alice Curtis. Her parents were Henry Curtis and Alice Broughten, both of whom were born in England. Beside the daughter, Alice, there was a son, Joseph. Charles H. Curtis was the son of Joseph and the Doctor's cousin, younger than the Doctor; but much more able as a business man.

The communications with the cousin in Chicago finally determined the Doctor to go back to the town that was destined to be a great city of the West, which he had rejected fifteen years earlier when, on his first trip, he was spying out the land. The decision having been made to move to Chicago, the tannery and the little farm at Buchanan were sold and the Doctor started in the fall of 1850 on an extended absence in the East, visiting Washington and New York City. Before he returned his wife, Dorothy, had died. She had not been in good health for some time. The year

previous she had been very ill with inflamation of the lungs and her father had written, then, that he feared "she will not have sound health again." Uncle Thomas writes that though she was constitutionally strong the climatic diseases took severe hold upon her and she was much out of health during the later years in Michigan. Her death, in her husband's absence, was brought about in an effort to carry on while the doctor was away; her illness was contracted while nursing a sick neighbor through an attack of diphtheria.

The name of this grandmother, Dorothy Strongitharm Wallin, has been ever vivid in the memories of her grandchildren; though she never knew a grandchild, and died at thirty-eight, before her oldest son reached manhood. Of this grandmother that son has left a written testimonial which surely must have well been deserved; strong characters live on, it is the weak who are forgotten. Her name, "Dorothy," has been a favorite among the Wallins, to the fourth and fifth generation of them that cherish her memory.

"She was a woman of high qualities and through her energy, industry and sound sense, was a leading factor in family affairs, although Father was always recognized as the 'Head of the house.' While neither handsome, scholarly or accomplished, she was well bred and popular in the best society of the County."

On St. Patrick's day of 1851, the tannery and farm having been turned into cash, and there being now some surplus of time and money, my Father, the apprentice boy, Frank, now nearing his nineteenth birthday, started for Rochester, N. Y. "to stay five months, to learn all he can of his trade." The following week the family moved to Chicago.

C. C. Wallin & Sons

A Golden Anniversary

1851 - 1901

THE CHICAGO CHAPTER

By JESSY WALLIN HEYWOOD

AMONG my treasured possessions is a brief history of the Michigan Wallins compiled by my father, Thomas S. Wallin, largely from a sheaf of letters, 23 in all, copies of old letters treasured in the families and augmented by his own recollections.

These 23 letters, just family correspondence, quite unwittingly recite not only the simple annals of our family, but include as well an intimate history of that period and something of its progress.

They date back to the early 1800's when these two English forbears, Thomas Strongitharm and Joseph Walling, left the land of their birth and sought their fortunes in America and they carry on down through the years to 1852, the date of the last letter, when we find our Michigan Wallins seeking their fortunes in the new and busy city of Chicago. The last letter and the first letter concern this same sturdy ancestor, Thomas Strongitharm, who brought his bride, Maria Hollis, to America in 1805 and settled at Butternuts, Otsego County, New York, where Joseph Walling also made his home, having married Alice Curtis, a member of an old English family which came to this country about the same time. So the children of these two families grew up as companions at Butternuts, and in the marriage of Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Strongitharm, and Charles Curtis Wallin, son of Joseph Walling, was the founding of the Family of Michigan Wallins, who came as pioneers from their native state of New York to the almost trackless

woods of the Valley of the St. Joseph in Michigan in the fall of 1836. With them were their four children, Thomas Stronginthearm, his grandfather's namesake; Franklin Bogue, named for a reverend minister; Elizabeth, carrying on the name of a sister of her mother, and Alfred Curtis, named for his father's brother. Stairsteps they were from Thomas, aged 7, to Alfred, a baby of 6 months.

This seems to be a fitting place to speak of the oldest of these letters. It is in the form of a certificate testifying to the good character of Thomas Strongitharm, "A freeholder who hath for several years resided with his father, Thomas Stronginthearm, in the parish of Hamstall, Ridware in the Kingdom of Great Britain." It is dated March 22nd, 1803 and signed: Edward Cooper, Minister; James Knowles, Church warding; John Cotteril, Overseer. This certificate my father, Thomas Stronginthearm Wallin, had framed and it is now hanging in the Wallin room in my cottage at Culver, Ind. A seal and some silver buttons came to my father with his family name. They, too, were brought over by his grandfather in 1805 and probably date much further back. The story goes that these buttons were on a fine blue cloth coat.

Before proceeding I would quote from a letter written by Thomas S. Wallin at his home in Elgin, Illinois in October, 1906, just after he had completed the arranging of these letters. The gathering and transcribing had been a big task but a most satisfying accomplishment, *the finishing of a family obligation,* as he felt it to be. This is the closing paragraph: "Through us our grandchildren have living touch with their great grandparents reaching into three centuries, and through these letters an inside view of the sort of folks their ancestors were."

Their life experiences as pioneers from 1836 and up

to the time of their leaving the St. Joseph Valley to try their fortunes in the already well known city of Chicago has been graphically and feelingly told in the preceding chapters of this new history of the Michigan Wallins. A life of hardship it was through those fifteen years, with meager living, devastating illnesses and small successes, and with but few opportunities; but through it all there was a family loyalty and co-operation that lifted them out of their discouragements and gave them heart to carry on, a family loyalty and co-operation that distinguished their whole life and filtered down to their children.

Just here, I would refer to Thomas Wallin's short term at Notre Dame. It was an outstanding experience, influencing his whole life. Years later, when he was an old Man, he went again to Notre Dame. He was welcomed most cordially. They looked back to the records of that first year of their history and found his name and the names of the boys with whom he was most intimate. They talked of the faculty of that first term, Father Sorin, Father Cointe, Brother Gatian and others, most of them Frenchmen. "It was a French college then but it is an American college now," said President Morissey.

During the summer of 1850 social relations were opened with Charles H. Curtis's family, then living in Chicago. Charles Curtis and my grandfather, Charles Curtis Wallin, were first cousins and devoted to each other. This, no doubt, had its influence in determining upon the move to Chicago, but I feel it was not the compelling motive. Grandfather had made his first trip back East that year, visiting in New York and Washington. Before his return the dear wife, Dorothy, died, the mother through whose energy and industry and sound sense, was the leading factor in family affairs. Might not the thought of living on and

on in this little town have grown unbearable? The two elder sons had shown business possibilities and he may have felt that they needed a larger field of development—a feeling quite likely shared by the sons.

Here we have a letter written by Thomas Stronginthearm while still in Buchanan, March 17, 1851, to his son-in-law, Mordicai Casson. He says, "The *next* letter direct to Dr. C. C. Wallin, Chicago, Illinois. We expect to go there next week." Their property in the valley had been sold and the time was set to move.

Of this move the brief Family History gives a graphic account:

"We came to Chicago in the spring of 1851. The family and goods crossed the lake from New Buffalo, but I drove a horse and buggy around the lake. It was a wild, uninhabitated region this side of Michigan City with two or three taverns of evil reputation. There were a few houses on the road now called Cottage Grove Avenue and about where Thirtieth Street now is I called at Myrick's tavern to water horse, and asked how far to Chicago. The answer was "About three miles." When you get a little farther out on the prairie you can see it." Father had bought a cottage on State Street where Number 146 now is, on school land.

"Sister Lizzie" was head housekeeper for this sizable family of three generations — Grandfather Stronginthearm, Dr. Wallin, the father and "the head of the house," and the boys — Thomas, Franklin and Alfred, then full-grown and the little 5-year-old brother, Edwin C.; quite a handful for "Sister Lizzie." The family must have arrived quite some time before the horse and buggy had made its weary way around the end of Lake Michigan.

"We soon opened a Flour, Produce and Commission store on Market Street in Lind's Block, and the sign

C. C. Wallin and Son was first put up about May 1st, 1851. It has been up ever since and except the addition of a small s for plural, made soon after, for forty-five years was unchanged in its membership, which consisted of our father, C. C. Wallin, my brother, Franklin B., and myself. During that summer I made three trips to St. Louis by canal and river with cargoes to sell and was fairly successful in the ventures."

Of these trips, described above by my father, Grandfather Stronginthearm gives this vivid account in a letter written January 13th, 1852, to the Cassons:

"Last spring they rented a Commission Store on the canal; sold for others and had of their own about 2000 bushels of potatoes there. There came boat load after boat load, steam boats, schooners, sloops from Michigan, brought in great quantities of potatoes so they put as low as they first shipt. I told Thomas he was in for it, but not he. He put the potatoes into a canal boat — off Tom goes down to St. Louis in the state of Missouri. Sent by telligraph to his Father to send more; he sent 800 more. Tom comes back after paying all expenses, potatoes at first cost, 300 dollars in his pocket. You would be surprised to see the vessels ladened with lumber and the lumber yards. They say the yards cover 160 acres. I think not so much. They are sent south what the city and the neighborhood don't want; price from 6 dollars to 25 per M. A merchant asked Tom to buy of him 75M of lumber at 15 dollars per M and a host of shingles. Tom off again to St. Louis, bring his money back, paid the merchant and expenses cleared about $350.00. Tom goes again late in the fall, clears about

$150.00. Pretty late in the fall there came to the citty a rich tanner from Michigan with 1000 sides of sole and leather to sell. Bought a tanyard about a mile from the city, made a contract in partnership so Tom is Tom and Co. Frank and Alfred are going into the yard, their labor going against the firm must be of advantage of their side."

When reading these letters of Grandfather Stronginthearm one must remember that "Tom" was his namesake. Commenting upon this letter my father writes: "This records my first trip to St. Louis made in June, 1851, with potatoes, about a week's journey by canal and river. The cholera had broken out there, making a sudden call for old potatoes which was the saving of the potato speculation. Never saw such a panic as they were in about it, scared to death — Later I made two more trips with lumber and did very well with both, every time with same boat 'Berrien,' Captain Christopher Ford."

Again quoting from the "Brief History of the Michigan Wallins:

"During the fall Father bought a tannery on the north branch west side, a little above Halsted Street, being run by John Taylor, on a patent tannage system with all the patents, mysteries and materials in full operation. Brother Franklin was put in charge with J. D. Marshall as foreman. It was a great wonder that the enterprise did not wipe out the little capital Father had, which was less than four thousand dollars. It took us two years to find out that the system was worthless; then we managed to pull out with capital unimpaired."

Just here my father pauses to say, writing in 1904, "It is not my purpose to write a personal history but a brief story of the beginnings of a family on the

frontier which developed a modest success. I speak chiefly of events that no one now living knows as well. The business career of our firm is an open book of which I am not over-proud, as several of our competitors far outstripped us in magnitude of operations and money-making; but only one who was alongside of us in the first twenty years is still in the business. We have for many years had credit of being the oldest firm in Chicago. In my review of our business career my mind rests chiefly upon our utter inexperience at the beginning, and I wonder how we managed to even live. Father had no experience or aptitude as a merchant. He quite abandoned it before 1870 and went West to live. In the last years of his life he told me he was aware of his incapacity in business and noticed that it 'prospered quite as well when he wasn't around.' He was level headed and shrewd and had good judgment on matters and was respected and popular with the few people whom he cared to meet." He was a charter member of the First National Bank of Chicago.

Bringing the brief history of the Michigan Wallins to a close Father writes, "Another thought occurring to everybody is the neglected opportunities we must have had to gain great wealth. In answer I would say we strove steadily for it. We made some ventures outside of our business, foolish undertakings at the time. We bought some outside property and narrowly escaped becoming millionaires by refusing some. F.B. was often bringing out something that was 'paying better than tannery,' which was generally turned down by his partners, who were unwilling to borrow much for anything. This was an error, we should have pushed our business harder by borrowing, especially in the 60's. We saw our neighbors pass us in the race and were not much disturbed — and at last when we

had a modest competence in reach, were ready to quit and give the young men their chance, with the old name and flag still flying."

Business is not all of life however much it may seem to be at times, back of it is the reason for our striving, the impelling motive.

As I search the pages of the brief history I find many names of his friends are recalled but special mention is made of the Kimmel family. "The Kimmels were the largest land owners and old George Kimmel called the wealthiest man in the county. He had several grown-up sons — also a widowed daughter, Mrs. Graham, and they all had large families of children of my generation. The Kimmels were Pennsylvania Dutch from Somerset County, refined and well educated for the times, especially the women."

One of Mrs. Graham's daughters was Julia Graham, an intimate friend of "Sister Lizzie," as my father always spoke of his sister. She was a beautiful woman. I well recall her picture in the Van Nostrand home. Aunt Lizzie named her second daughter for her, Julia G. Van Nostrand, known to us as Cousin Daisy.

Since my father's death there has come to me a box of letters labeled, as was my father's habit, "For Jessy — Family letters previous to 1870." There are many letters in this box gathered into bundles. In one bundle, I found the impelling motive of Thomas S. Wallin, to whom most of the letters were addressed. Thy were written between 1851 and 1853 — they were the dearest love letters from Eliza Graham, his sweetheart during the years the Wallin family were living in Berrien. I have heard that there was some opposition to this attachment — and many of the letters were enclosed in a note to Miss Lizzie Wallin, "the head housekeeper," in that Chicago household. There were no questionings in the mind or heart of Eliza

Graham and they were married December 23, 1853, on my father's 23rd birthday.

Eliza Graham died July 5th, 1854, at Chicago. It was during the cholera epidemic and she was one who lost her life. They had been married less than seven months.

I think it was just before my marriage that my father gave me a quaint little ring, which I still have. He did not say it in so many words but somehow I knew that it was Eliza Graham's ring.

The next touch that I find of the Chicago life is in March, 1857. Some hotel bills from the Blossom House, No. 112 Franklin Street, Chicago, indicating that he was living at this hotel. This must have been about the time that his "Sister Lizzie" married Peter Van Nostrand, and the home in Chicago had been broken up.

There are other bills in this envelope, one of December 10, 1857, a subscription to the New York semi-weekly Tribune for one year. There are hotel bills from other hotels. One of them from Sollitt House, corner of Washington and Franklin Streets, May 21st, 1859.

May I digress here to a more personal bit of history which is of vital interest to me, a descendant of the Michigan Wallins? The Sollitt House was built by my grandfather, John Sollitt, who was one of the early settlers of Chicago. He had come from York, England, where he had been apprenticed to a contractor and builder with whom he had served his *seven years* when he came to America. It was in 1836 or 37 that John Sollitt arrived in Chicago on a sailing vessel. He had come through Canada where he had visited his sister. It was early in the morning and he strolled up into the town where he found a crew of men building the first theatre. They were trying to

rig up the drop curtain. The pole was a tall, slender tree which had been brought in from the woods that morning and was quite too heavy for the curtain and its fixtures. John Sollitt singled out the boss and said to him, "Why don't you build a hollow pole?" "A hollow pole," said the boss, "there is no one in these parts that can build a hollow pole." "I can," said my grandfather. "Well, go ahead and build one then," and he did and thereby laid the foundation of his success as a contractor and builder in Chicago.

Let me return to the year of 1859 which is memorable for quite another sort of incident that had its influence not only upon my father's life, but also in the life and spiritual growth of Chicago. The Church of the Messiah, which was on the south side, and was the first Unitarian Church in Chicago, had been supporting a minister-at-large whose duty it was "to help the poor of the city." The man they had employed had broken down and there was urgent need for one to take up his work. Robert Collyer, then a blacksmith on week days in a small town near Philadelphia and on Sundays a lay preacher associated with the Methodist Church, had come to know and honor Dr. Furness, then pastor of the Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness in turn had become much interested in Robert Collyer and had written to the Church of the Messiah about this "young blacksmith — a Methodist local preacher of a liberal mind and make who might be the man they wanted."

To shorten my story, a letter was sent to Robert Collyer which held a hearty invitation to come out to Chicago and take charge of their ministry at large.

Rev. George A. Noyes was then minister of the "First Church." In his autobiography, "Some Memories," Dr. Collyer speaks of his reception. "He greeted me warmly and made me welcome to their home when

I was pleased to come. He also asked me to preach to his people at the evening meeting the Sunday after I arrived."

I have written all this as a foreword to a story that I have heard my father tell with such eager satisfaction. He, with other young men, had gone to hear Robert Collyer preach. He must have still had on his tongue much of the dear old Yorkshire burr and there were those in that group of young men who made kindly fun of it and Thomas Wallin made answer, "Mark my word, men, this man will make his mark as a great preacher."

The North Side Unitarians decided to hold services Sunday afternoons and Robert Collyer was asked to take charge of these meetings, which were held in the Baptist Church on the North Side. This was in May, 1859. At the Western Conference later in that spring, Robert Collyer was ordained a minister in the Unitarian denomination. By midsummer the North Side group had decided to build them a church . . . and a church was built and ready for dedication on Christmas Day of that same year, 1859—The Unity Church of Chicago.

Robert Collyer was called to the Church of the Messiah in New York in 1879. Well do I recall the Sunday when he announced to his people his decision to accept the call. For 20 years he had been their shepherd and led them in the paths of righteousness — he had walked through the valley of the shadow of death beside many and restored their souls: how could we let him go!

He made frequent trips back to Chicago to be among his "own people" and to speak to them from the old pulpit. There is a newspaper report of the sermon he preached on one of these visits. It was a memorial sermon for three of his old parishoners,

Gilbert Hubbard, Judge Peck and Eli Bates, one at least of whom had been among the dozen or so of the first group who came to hear him preach on the Sunday evenings back in 1859. The sermon was reminiscent of those early days and what had grown out of them. "I can still remember," he said, "I was one who had been cast away and trying to make land when these young men, Gilbert Hubbard, Thomas Wallin, Wirt Dixter and the rest said such words as came to me so often from their hearts. It was as tho' they had tossed me a compass and said down the wind. 'Keep right on: you will make your port, never fear.' It was a great thing for one who had been turned adrift, as I was, to have such men come to him. They stand for the coming age."

Just when Thomas S. Wallin came to know the John Sollitt family I cannot say. It must have been a delightful home for a young man to have access to. There were sons about his own age, and daughters — charming young women they were.

That he was a welcome visitor, there can be no doubt for one of the daughters, Jane Sollitt, my mother, became his wife on September 18, 1860. They made their home at 146 Chicago Avenue, west of LaSalle Street. Here was born John Sollitt Wallin. I have a beautiful picture of "Baby John" with his mother. No Madonna and child could be more lovely. A vigorous baby he was, but he died during his infancy. My father never ceased to mourn the loss of his son. He talked of him to me years later when I had a son of my own. And once he said, "Had we known then what we know now of the care of babies, he need never to have died."

Shortly after, the second baby, Jessy, was born, and we moved to 138 Elm Street, between Clark and LaSalle Streets. There were two other baby girls, Lois

and May, of this family of Thomas Wallin; both of whom died in babyhood and then the dear wife Jane, who had made a brave struggle with consumption, as it was then called, passed over to join her little children.

Of the home on Elm Street I have few recollections. It must have been a good sized house. Grandfather Wallin (Charles Curtis Wallin) and his wife, Sarah Willett Wallin, made their home with us. "Grandma" Wallin was untiring in her devotion to my mother and the little babies of the household through those years of continuing illness and great sorrow. My father, too, had a serious break in his health during this period and Grandfather and Grandmother Wallin carried the brunt of the family care. During that time, too, Father's brothers, Alfred and Ned, were members of the household for months at a time.

Uncle Ned, Charles Edwin Wallin, the youngest son of Grandfather Wallin, was born in 1846. He was only five years old when the family moved to Chicago. He lived in the home of his father until he went into the Union army when he was a boy of about eighteen. Soon after the close of the Civil war he went West and some time before 1871 his father followed him to Utah where they together organized a harness and saddlery business in Salt Lake City. Grandfather, Dr. Chas. C. Wallin, remained in the West until about 1874 when he moved to New York City, where he lived many years at 17 Lafayette Place.

Uncle Ned married in Salt Lake, Eliza Woods, on October 31st, 1872, who died in 1881. By this union there were four children, of whom only two lived beyond early childhood; Katharine Rose Wallin, born January 3rd, 1874, and Dorothy Strongitharm Wallin, born January 3rd, 1876.

Uncle Ned died in Gardena, California, August 17,

1906, and is buried in Rosedale cemetery, Los Angeles At the time of his death he was postmaster of Gardena. His funeral was one of the largest in that section and he was highly esteemed in the community.

Following the death of my mother, my father and I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. William Sollitt, my mother's uncle and aunt. Their home had been the refuge of other children in the family who needed a woman's care. My mother had asked that this should be. My recollections of this home are all happy. It was a well ordered house and Aunt Mary gave me a mother's care; but around and about me was the wise and tender devotion of my father.

That Thomas S. Wallin was a close student of public affairs there is much evidence. He was a man of keen insight and definite opinions, not however formed carelessly but after patient study. Among his treasured possessions I find several early photographs of Abraham Lincoln, of whom he was a staunch supporter. A frowsy headed picture of him, taken before he was chosen state senator, with a face so lined with mature thoughts that you wonder at the sweet youth of it. Another taken in Springfield after Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency in which the gentle kindness of the man blends in with a strength of character that was dominant through his life. A note on the back of the second picture reads, "This is the Lincoln whom I heard in Ottawa in joint debate with Senator Douglas and the one I like best."

It might be interesting just here to speak of a business card of C. C. Wallin & Sons, Tanners and Dealers in Hides and Leather, No. 245 Lake Street; "*Next to the Wigwam.*" The Wigwam is famous as the hall of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln May 12, 1860.

My father and I lived with Aunt Mary and Uncle

William Sollitt at 137 South Green Street until I was eleven years old. There was also living with them a niece of Uncle William, Annie Leadley, whose mother was the youngest sister of my grandfather, John Sollitt, so she was my mother's own cousin. She was finishing her course at the High School. I recall my interest in some of the young men who frequented the house, but never associated my father with her as one of those interested; but so indeed it was, and they were married in July following her graduation in 1870. I do recall my difficulty in thinking of her as mother, she was just "Annie" to me, one of the many Sollitt cousins who frequented Uncle William Sollitt's home. I am sure *now* that *she* found the readjustment even more difficult. We had always liked each other and we grew gradually into the new relationship with satisfaction to us both, through the years of our life together; the fine relationship of mother and daughter. She came as a blessing into our lives — my father's and mine.

On October 9, 1871, came the Chicago fire. Young as I was I can, even now, recall the tenseness of those days. "The Little Woman," as my father called his sweet young wife, had been helping in the office since the marriage. We were still living at Aunt Mary Sollitt's on the west side of the river. The store was on the south side, on the corner of Lake and Franklin Streets. The fire had started in the southwest part of the city and was sweeping north. Father went to the store after supper, agreeing with Mother that if the fire reached the gas works she should come and notify him and he would attempt to move out the goods. The city was in darkness, the strong wind was carrying the sparks into the heart of the business district, the flames were driving terror-stricken people to the north and west side, and to the refuge of the

shore of the lake. Even there it was necessary to watch for live embers which the wind was carrying from the burning district. Thieves were abroad, a good deal of looting was going on.

About ten o'clock at night, alone through the terror and the complete darkness, came the "Little Woman" to the store and told Father that the fire had passed the gas works and would certainly sweep the whole south side. Father had found a lot of candles and had cut them in halves and had placed them round the store so that it was well lighted and had begun to move the rolls and bundles of leather and other merchandise to the door. It was impossible to hire teamsters, every conveyance had long been engaged; but arrangements had been made with Uncle William Sollitt to come down with his teams and soon two Uncles, William and James, themselves appeared, driving their heavy wagons and before the fire reached the store most of the goods were moved across the river on Lake St., where they were piled on the sidewalk in front of a vacant store which Father had located there that morning. While Father and my uncles were moving the stuff out, Mother stood guard over the merchandise as it was placed on the sidewalk on the west side of the river. The fire was coming in at the front door of the store while the men were loading the last of the goods on the wagons at the back door.

There was an aftermath of this experience that I have heard my father tell with vivid force. One large building in the fire-swept area of the south side had escaped the flames. It had been saved by an unexpected and fortutious shifting of the wind. The fire had gone round it and left it untouched. After the fire this building was hastily fitted for use of the insurance adjusters. Through the center was an aisle and on either side were rough pine tables. Over each

table was a banner bearing the name of an insurance company. Father was one of those in line to present his claim. When he drew up to the table of the company that carried his insurance the adjuster, weary with his long and discouraging task, said to him, "Well, a total loss, I suppose?" "No," said my father, "we saved most of our goods, all of our office records and here are my policies." The adjuster leaped upon the table and called aloud to the room full of agents and policy holders, "Here is a man who has not only saved his goods but has his policies." Then Father told him the story of the fire. Later there came from London, England, a case of flat table silver addressed to Mrs. Thomas S. Wallin from the insurance company in recognition of her part in the Chicago fire.

On December 1st, 1871, the following letter was sent to the leather trade:

53 South Canal Street,
Chicago, Dec. 1, 1871.

Dear Sir:

We take this occasion to inform our friends that we passed through the Chicago fire without a crippling loss and are established in a good roomy brick store at above address. We have on hand a full stock of goods in our old lines.

To our customers we express the hope that our relations may be even more intimate and cordial than heretofore.

Very truly yours,
C. C. Wallin & Sons.

It must have been in 1874 that we moved over to the north side of Dearborn Avenue and again my father established a home; this time with the "Little Woman" as its competent and sweet mistress. This home was the rendezvous for the Wallin family. I was an only child, but never was conscious of it; because there was from time to time one or more of

the cousins staying at our house, for one reason or another. It was a big house and always full. Finally Grandfather and Grandmother Wallin came from New York City to live with us and they made it their home until Grandfather's death in June, 1896. I did not realize it then, but many times since I have thought of the burden laid upon the "Little Mother" through all those years — and of her fine spirit of devotion to the Wallin family. "Aunt Annie" was beloved of all.

I love to think of her devotion to my children, who called her Grandmother, though not old enough to be my mother. She was so proud of her title.

I do not know just when my father gave up his active connection with the business. As I look back I recall his failing health following a severe attack of "the grippe" when it made its first appearance in our midst. He found the "northeasters" from our Lake Michigan too trying to endure and built a home in Elgin, where "Sister Lizzie" had her home. He fell into the way of spending his winters in Phoenix, Arizona. A delightful climate, he and Mother found it. They made many friends and some business connections with its people.

It became evident early in 1907 that father was failing and I was invited out there to visit. The "Little Mother" welcomed me gladly and I helped her as I could in his care. He passed into the great beyond on May 13, 1907, and many there were who paid tribute to his passing. We brought the frail body back to Chicago and he was buried at Graceland Cemetery. Not so long after that the "Little Woman" died, December, 1911, and was buried by his side. She had said to me such a short time before, "You know, Jessy, I have right of burial beside your father."

He was a member of several societies in Chicago

who passed resolutions expressive of his fine qualities. I would speak of his connection with the Chicago Historical Society for whose work and whose mission he had great respect. In 1895, a group of the old friends of Unity Church, calling themselves a "committee," had decided to have made a marble bust of Robert Collyer to be placed in Unity Church. There is a characteristic letter from Dr. Collyer about this bust, addressed to my father, who was Chairman of the committee:

> "If the marble is as good as the clay I shall endorse the bust with great satisfaction. I have many faces but only one head and I think of all the faces he has caught the one I like best. I trust you are heartily well, my laddie. I would love to see your face. You dwell always in my heart."

The Chicago chapter of this brief history of our family, centering as it does about my father, gives only snapshots, suggestive of the deep underlying sources of his visible life.

At the very outset of his business career we recognize his keeness of mind and his avidity for work. Work was to him a gospel instilled with his boyhood experiences in the pioneer life in Michigan.

Orderly and methodical in his habits, he continued the family practice of early rising and punctuality, nor did he allow himself relaxation from this self-discipline until he began to grow frail in health.

Along with lessons of the pioneer days came a sturdy religious training which bore fruit in his deep appreciation of the value of the things of the Spirit.

That he was plain-spoken and severe at times, I find evidence in letters which he left "For Jessy," but his criticisms, severe though they may have seemed to the recipient, were not so much condemnation, as a

clear presentation of the matter as he saw it, neither did they carry with them any hostility, rather did they grow out of an intention to be constructively helpful.

That this was so is borne out in the many ways he opened to others for cherished opportunities and the paths he made straight for their accomplishment, not infrequently at the expense of his own purposes and desires.

With his release from active business and from some of the cares of the family-at-large, which were early shifted to his shoulders, there came into play the innate sweetness of his nature that was always there as an undercurrent, recognized by those who knew him best and loved him most.

He was a generous contributor to civic and social projects in which he believed.

His pity for the aged who found themselves adrift and friendless found expression in the large contribution that he made to the fund being raised for building the beautiful Home for the Aged, in Elgin, Illinois.

That I could be with him during the last few weeks of his life I count a blessed privilege, a fitting symbol of the many blessings that have filled my life with sacred memories of my father.

Jessy Wallin Heywood.

Elizabeth Wallin (Foster)
Jessy Wallin (Heywood)
Madeleine Wallin (Sikes)
Katharine Wallin (Rouse)
1884

KALAMAZOO VALLEY

NOW I am on familiar ground, the scenes of my childhood, viewed through the lens of fond recollection. Not that I bear witness to all that shall follow as face to face, for my father moved back to Michigan from Chicago twelve years before I was born; but my memory is good concerning Saugatuck facts of nearly sixty years gone by, and those still earlier incidents have been made real to me related by others who took part in the events.

Preceding chapters record the sale of the Michigan tannery at Buchanan and the removal to Chicago in 1851. In less than three years after that sale the Wallins had again bought a tannery in Michigan and my father sent across the lake to operate it. One wonders why the "Off again, on again." I surmise the true answer is "Hemlock bark."

The St. Joseph valley was not hemlock country. The tannery at Buchanan used the yellow and white oak bark that grew in the neighborhood. This was an inferior tanning material, not to be confused with the true tan oak, or chestnut oak of the Ohio valley and the Appalachian region. The forests of hemlock that were farther north in Michigan doubtless appealed to Dr. Wallin. He knew something about hemlock and its relation to the tanning industry. He was familiar with the great hemlock forests, in southeastern New York and western Pennsylvania, near his home in Gilbertsville, and knew of the leather industry, based upon these forests, which was large even in his youth.

As a boy the Doctor was familiar with the "Swamp"

in New York City; that area which later became the center of the tanning trade of the United States, and still harbors the offices of many of the largest companies in the industry. He has told me of skating on the overflowed lands, which now are just south of the approach of Brooklyn Bridge, where the tanneries were then located, when the district really was a swamp. The tan yards were surrounded by tight board fences and guarded by savage dogs. The boys found fun and excitement by kicking on the boards of the fences, teasing the dogs out onto the smooth ice, where they were practically helpless in their efforts to catch the boys on skates.

As a young man the Doctor had logged on the headwaters of the Susquehanna River, in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. This country is still heavily timbered with hemlock, and is the location of some of the largest sole leather tanneries in the United States. More than likely the Doctor, in Chicago, having a vision of the tanning industry in the East, which was built upon the foundation of Pennsylvania hemlock, saw it duplicated in the West, based upon the hemlock of Michigan.

In the early fifties, when the new store was operating in Chicago, sometimes in lumber and potatoes, but more generally in hides and leather, occasional consignments were received from Michigan, shipped by tanners located near the mouth of the Kalamazoo river. Thomas Strongitharm, writing from the home of his son-in-law, Dr. Wallin, in 1852, says that "Late in the Fall there came to the citty a rich Tanner from Michigan with 1000 sides of sole, etc., leather for them to sell." It seems entirely probable that such contacts with Michigan tanners, consigning leather to Chicago, finally led the Doctor, in the Fall of 1853, to sell his Chicago real estate and invest in the tannery

at Saugatuck. Here hemlock bark was plentiful and cheap.

The sign hung on the Chicago store, May 1, 1851, was "C. C. Wallin & Son." There were only two partners, the Doctor and his oldest son. Grandfather Strongitharm, who, it will be remembered, had said the Doctor was "a mere cypher except in his profession," referred to the partnership as "Tom and Company." But the small "s" was added, and Father was admitted to partnership soon after reaching his majority, not long after the purchase of the Saugatuck tannery.

It is interesting to note that the tannery came with the pioneer in the settling of Western Michigan. One of the very earliest needs was leather for shoes, harnesses, and saddles. Among the first of pioneer products were the hides and skins of wild and domestic animals. The demand and the supply produced the tan yard. A tannery was among the first industries at South Haven, Ganges, Saugatuck, Douglas, Holland, Grand Haven, and Grand Rapids. In some settlements the tannery preceded the saw mill. In Saugatuck a tannery was the very first manufacturing industry.

Saugatuck is a century old. The village celebrated its hundredth anniversary in 1930. It was in the Spring of 1830 that the first white settlers, William Gay Butler and his wife, Emily, of Hartford, Connecticut, were landed from a sailing vessel at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river. For three years they were the only white people in the neighborhood. In 1833 two more settlers came and built a tannery. It was located on the bank of Kalamazoo lake, where later was the village of Saugatuck. In 1835 came Stephen A. Morrison, who had served an apprenticeship in Boston learning the tanning trade, and bought this

first tannery. He enlarged it and built a windmill to supply power for grinding the bark. Although this tannery has been long abandoned I well remember it and remember Mr. Morrison. The tannery was located where the Hotel Butler now stands.

In 1834 there came also to the region near the mouth of the Kalamazoo, Benjamin Plummer. He settled a short distance east of the river, on a creek, the outlet of Goshorn lake. Here he built a water power and saw mill. In 1835 Mr. Wells moved to the same location and built there a tannery.

In 1846 Plummer moved to the shores of Lake Michigan, about six miles south of the mouth of the river, in what is now Ganges Township, and built a water power saw mill there. A little community grew up about the tannery which was called Plummerville. Soon a tannery was built at Plummerville, the "Ganges Tannery," so called. This tannery was first operated, if not built and owned, by Otis R. Johnson, who had come to Michigan, a young man of thirty, about the time Plummer moved to Ganges.

When Father first came over to Michigan, in the fall of 1853, he went to Ganges, and business relations were established between the Ganges tannery and the Chicago store. Before the winter was over, however, Grandfather had bought the Wells tannery, on the creek leading out of Goshorn lake. Father immediately moved there and took charge of the plant. The little community which had grown up about the tannery and mill became Father's permanent home. Here he lived for nearly thirty years, and here all of his children, but one, were born.

Those first few months Father spent in Ganges were of little importance in the business life of C. C. Wallin & Sons; but they had far-reaching results in Father's family life. In that Ganges experience Father first

met his intimate, life-long friend, George E. Dunn, who was living with his father, William Dunn, on the farm home in Ganges, about a mile from the tannery. The names of Dunn and Wallin have been closely associated ever since, through four generations of intimate friendship.

Otis R. Johnson, who operated the Ganges tannery, had formed a partnership with Mr. Wells in the tannery north of the river. Later, soon after Father's arrival, the young man married the daughter of his partner. Father's first home in Saugatuck was the Wells home. There happy, friendly relations were established with that very capable daughter and her husband, which were to last for more than three-quarters of a century. The Wallin family and the Johnson family were friends not only in Saugatuck, but later in other homes, in other communities. When the Johnsons had moved to Racine, my sister Elizabeth spent about a year in their home. It was there that she renewed an old acquaintance and became engaged to Harry Howard Foster, whom she married in Grand Rapids the following year.

The property bought by the Doctor, was always known as the "Saugatuck Tannery," though located about two miles northeast of the village. When purchased it was run by water power, probably the same dam and power that "Uncle Ben" Plummer built in 1834. The plant was no longer new when C. C. Wallin & Sons bought it. Uncle Thomas refers to it as "The old Wells tannery near Saugatuck." Doubtless it needed a good deal of overhauling. It had a capacity of 30 to 50 hides of harness and wax upper leather daily. The buildings were of wood, there was no brick in those early Saugatuck days. About 40 acres of land were included in the property, also the dam and the flowage rights and pond formed by the dam. There

were, too, some houses for employees and a larger house in which the Wells family lived; which Father later occupied when he was first married. The tannery buildings were located on the right bank of the creek, a few rods below the dam; the houses were on the higher ground on both sides of the pond. I think none of the original houses, built by Mr. Wells, are left; though many of them were there when I was a boy.

The soil at the tannery site and for many miles around is a light sandy loam, typical of much of the shore country in Western Michigan. This sandy country was generally timbered with beech and maple and hemlock, interspersed with pine. The pine, only, had any value. Some of the beech and maple was sold as stove wood and in the late 70's there was a demand for hardwood for charcoal. Both products brought only a small labor return, usually without any allowance for stumpage; but the hemlock, except for the bark, and the most of the hardwood were wasted as the settlers cleared the land. Great piles of burning logs, stacked high on skids in the clearings, were a common sight in my youth. Where there was no pine the settler, clearing the land with no tools but the saw and axe, got very little income from his timber except that which he received from the sale of hemlock bark. The tannery often supplied the only cash possible for the pioneer. In many cases this opportunity to turn the product of his land and his labor into money saved the day for the struggling newcomer, paid his taxes, bought his groceries. The settlers appreciated the help that came from the tannery.

Illustrating this is an experience of my own. It occurred years ago in the early days of the automobile. I was driving a red, "one-lung," Cadillac, the single

cylinder engine under the seat, the entrance to the tonneau in the rear. Not often did we take chances and drive far away from town and pavements; but on occasions we would put in a day driving forty miles to the cottage which we owned on the Lake Shore at Douglas. As I neared Saugatuck, about two miles from the old tannery site, I found that something had gone wrong with the gear shift. The car thumped along all right on high, but I could not throw out into low. I knew that a short distance ahead was a hill which I could not negotiate on high. Obviously the only solution of the difficulty was to stop at the farmhouse nearest the bottom of the hill, get out a team and tow to the top. Once over the hill I knew I could get through to the cottage, as it was level or down grade all the way. So I pulled up near the foot of the hill, at a neat looking farmhouse. A large barn was in the rear. I could hear voices back of the barn and knew the men were in from the fields, getting ready to do the evening chores. So with considerable confidence I went to the back of the house and stated my errand to the elderly Holland woman who came to the door. Immediately I perceived that I was all wet. I had no welcome at all. This farmer's wife wasn't in favor of automobiles. They scared the horses; they crowded the teams off the road; they made dust and noise; they were just a large nuisance, a menace to the countryside. Absolutely any man who drove one of these "Red Devils" could get no sympathy from her nor her family, and beside: "My man, he is in town anyway, mit de team."

Well, this was a serious proposition, night was coming on and there was no automobile service nearer than Grand Rapids, thirty-five miles away. I must convert the good woman. I asked how long she had lived on that farm and learned she had been there

about thirty years. There was my opportunity, she had come in Dingleville days. I asked if the land was cleared when she came and she said, "No, it was all woods."

"I suppose hemlock and hardwood?"

"Beech and maple and hemlock, hemlock the most."

"Burned the logs, I guess?"

"Ja, just safed the stovewood for the kitchen, that's all, all the rest burnt up."

"Didn't burn the bark?"

"O no, saved de bark; ve sold de bark."

"Yes, sold the bark and where did you sell it?"

"By Wallin's tannery."

"Well, my name is Wallin, you sold that bark to my Father, F. B. Wallin."

A change came over her countenance like a flash. All antagonism vanished. Eager interest was evident as she exclaimed, "Be you boy from Wallin?" She ran toward the barn and called to her son (her husband *was* away), "John, get de team, here is a boy from Wallin, get de team, he got to haff his automobile pulled de hill up," and John got the team and pulled us the hill up. Before dark we were at the cottage at Douglas.

During the two years that Father spent in Chicago, 1852 and 1853, he boarded, at least part of the time, away from the family home. This was probably because his work in the tannery, located on the North Branch of the Chicago river, was about two miles from his father's home on the South Side. His boarding place in 1852 was with the family of William Best. There were four young people in that home: Jas. D. Marshall, Julia Dickerman, Orcelia Theresa Tanner and Father. Marshall was a shop mate of Father's. He came to be a prominent and wealthy Chicago tanner, for many years owning and operating a tan-

nery on the North Branch near Chicago Avenue. As a young lad I knew him, a life long friend of the Wallins. He had great respect for Uncle Thomas' business ability and once urged Uncle to act as administrator under his will, which Uncle declined. He was always fond of Father; but he told me, that Alfred (my Uncle Alfred) was by far the smartest of the Wallin family. Julia Dickerman married Monroe Heath, the senior in the firm of Heath and Milligan, well known for years as large paint manufacturers. Mr. Heath was twice Mayor of Chicago. The youngest member of the congenial group, Orcelia Tanner, five years later became Mrs. Franklin B. Wallin, my mother. She was then a slip of a girl and only a little past seventeen, but already an experienced school teacher with a record of three years in public and private schools in Chicago.

Of that winter in the home of William Best, Father has written as follows:

"The scenes and associations of that period are among my happiest recollections. It was at that time that I formed an affection for the bright-eyed, delicate little girl, that resulted in our marriage and our two companions were ever counted among our dearest and truest friends. Between my wife and Mrs. Heath there always existed the tenderest sympathy and affection, never dimmed by any interval of time or distance."

The intimate relations between the Heath family and Father's family continued unbroken for many years. As small boys my brothers and I visited the Heath home in Chicago and the Heath children were frequently at our home at Saugatuck. The two daughters, Helen (Mrs. Durand) and Myrtle (Mrs. John Wood) were particularly intimate with my sister Elizabeth.

The year after Father moved to Saugatuck his fiance went alone to St. Paul, where she opened a private school in that rapidly growing frontier community, then but a village. The next year, in 1856, her parents and her brother and sister moved to Minnesota, settling not far from St. Paul, near a small body of water called Tanners Lake on what was then known as the Hudson road. The next spring Father journeyed to Minnesota to bring back his bride and on April 27, 1857, they were married in the First Presbyterian Church of Saint Paul.

Mother was the oldest of a family of three children, Orcelia, Elizabeth, and Luman. Her parents were Daniel T. and Philena Angel Tanner. She was born in Oneonta, Otsego County, New York, less than twenty miles from Gilbertsville. The Tanners in Oneonta and the Wallins in Gilbertsville, however, were unacquainted. Soon after the birth of the first baby the family moved to Milford Center, New York, and when Orcelia was about six years old they came to Chicago, where the most of her childhood and early life was spent. She early developed a remarkably vigorous and self-reliant character. Before the age of fourteen she taught a private school and helped materially in the support of the family.

Mother's father, Daniel T. Tanner, died in Minnesota, I think about the year 1870. I do not remember him. Mother's mother, Philena Angel Tanner, lived until about the year 1897. I remember her well; though I never saw her after my childhood. After my Mother's death in 1874 she lived with her daughter, Elizabeth Ingalls, and died at that home in Long Creek, South Dakota. She was a daughter of Vina Black and William Angel and a great granddaughter of Capt. James Black of Chester, Mass., who fought in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Immediately after the wedding, in the spring of 1857, Father and Mother came to Saugatuck and moved into the old Wells home, near the tannery. This house is now torn down; though it was standing for some years after we moved to Grand Rapids in 1881. Father lived in it at least two years and I think longer. My oldest sister, Elizabeth, was born there and I believe also the second child, Alfred. The rest of his children, except Bertha, the youngest, were born in the house which Father built in about 1860 across the road, almost due north. This house, my birth place, is standing and in good repair. It is owned, and occupied in summer by a Chicago resident. The simple design, solid foundation, plumb walls and level ridge are a testimonial to the enduring construction of its day and the substantial character of its builder.

Under the new ownership the tannery was enlarged and improved. New buildings were erected, new machinery put in and additional lines of leather were added, including sole leather. Before my memory, steam power was installed. This expansion of tannery operations of necessity added to the population of the little hamlet. More houses were built to provide homes for employees; small farms were cleared and put under cultivation near by. All the lands on the road between the tannery and the village of Saugatuck were occupied before I can remember; and to the East and North, there were clearings, the beginnings of small farms. In Mrs. Heath's recent book, "Early Memories of Saugatuck," referring to this period, she says the Wallin tannery employed one hundred men. If this be true, the total must have included those who were in the bark woods. Possibly in the peeling season, from May to August, that many were on the pay roll; but the employees in the tannery could not have exceeded twenty-five or thirty. About that

many homes, within a radius of a half-mile of the tannery, comprised the community.

The majority of these home owners kept a cow, some families kept several. There were in those pioneer days no laws against public grazing, and it was the custom in the warm months of the year to turn the cows loose to find pasturage along the roadside, in the clearings and in open spaces in the woods. Each morning after milking, the cows fared forth. Each evening they returned, or at least were expected to return. Often they delayed and we boys had the job of going after them. To prevent straying and to identify the wanderer, each cow had a bell strapped round her neck. Each bell had a different tone, some high, some low, some clear, some muffled; each modulation highly significant to us, seeking the lost. And so it came to pass the cows dingled out in the morning and dingled back at night, and Uncle Thomas named the hamlet "Dingleville." It is so called to this day. The town is gone, but the name remains.

In 1872 George P. Heath of Saugatuck built a water power grist mill at Dingleville and operated it for several years. It was at about this time that the saw mill was abandoned. The grist mill was just east of the bridge and dam, across the road from the tannery. I remember it well. Of the saw mill I have very indistinct recollection. In its last years it was operated by Uncle Luman Tanner and George E. Dunn as a planing mill. The foreman was a Mr. Skinner who once spanked me to keep me out. The planing mill was *verboten*.

There is abundant evidence that the bride and groom, on reaching Saugatuck in 1857, at once became active in the community; not only in matters concerning the neighborhood close to the new home, but also in the village two miles away.

Father was of the type that easily entered into community life. He enjoyed the positions of service that are ever open to those who are willing and able to lead. He was prominent in church and school and active in local and state politics. At the age of twenty-eight he was elected the representative of Allegan County to the "War Legislature" of 1861. Because of this, his mail was usually addressed "Hon. F. B. Wallin," and he was often thus introduced. He could not enter service in the army with his younger brothers, Alfred and Edwin, as he had recently broken a leg in an accident.

Of Mother, one who knew her well has written: "The long term of years that she has resided in Saugatuck, the prominence she has displayed in every public movement pertaining to the good of the community, the interest she has always evinced in behalf of the poor and needy, added to the untiring zeal she manifested and the work she performed in the church, endeared her to all."

In January, 1860, the first church in the village was organized with twelve members and a pastor. Father and Mother were two of the twelve and Father was elected one of the two Deacons. In Saugatuck he was generally called "Deacon Wallin."

In the summer of the same year a church building was erected. The same building, with a wing added, is today in regular service; the First Congregational Church of Saugatuck. Father and Mother sang in the choir, always, it seems to me; and always Father was Superintendent of the Sabbath School. This choir work necessarily left the children without close parental contact in the pews and I remember occasions when sprouts from a favorite peach tree were cut and administered, after return from church, because of whispering and giggling during the service.

Father and Mother took an active part in the organization of the Saugatuck cemetery, where their bodies now rest with four of their children, and where I expect to be buried. Mother, I have been told, helped with her own hands to plant the row of maples along the road on the north side of the cemetery, and also those that border both sides of the road at Dingleville in front of the two homes she lived in there.

She could not, however, have been at all times active in these various public duties, as she was not robust, was frequently sick and more than once at the point of death. I was the youngest of her five children and she had been married but nine years when I was born, August 10, 1866. It is evident that, like most mothers of her day, there was not much time for introspection. She was ever active in the affairs of the Kingdom, absorbed in her home and church, going about doing good. She died when I was only seven but her secure position as Mother has been ever present in the inward eye of my memory.

Mother's children were Elizabeth, Alfred, Alice, Luman Thomas, and Van. I have named them in the order of birth. Elizabeth was called "Lizzie" in Saugatuck days, but graduated to "Bessie" when she went away to college and became a young lady. Alfred was named for Father's brother Alfred, who had lived at Dingleville, working in the tannery for several years prior to the birth of his namesake and intimately associated with Father and Mother. Alice was always called "Little Allie." She died of scarlet fever when a child, before I was born. Luman Thomas, named after Mother's only brother and Father's elder brother, was about two years older than I. We slept in the same bed. He was my playmate and schoolmate. We quarreled a lot and fought some; but when outsiders attacked we fought together. He was of the

sturdy, honest, type, with lots of physical strength and moral courage. I was less robust, more of a coward and more apt to lie out of a situation where truth was unpleasant. He often assumed all the blame in our youthful escapades; while I weakly hid behind his older years, though equally at fault.

My peculiar and inappropriate name came from the family name of my Aunt Lizzie Van Nostrand. Her husband, Peter Van Nostrand, was not called "Uncle Peter," but "Uncle Van." I was named after him. When I entered school in Grand Rapids where the name "Wallin" was unknown, I added a middle name, Arthur, and signed "V. A. Wallin," to prevent the surname being shifted to "VanWallin."

My memory, prior to Mother's death, is of only a few incidents in family history, and so I have but little recollection of my older sister, Elizabeth, except as a young lady. She was past fifteen when Mother died and past sixteen when the new mother came into the home. She was away at school a good deal, at Olivet and Oberlin, and lived with Uncle Thomas in Chicago for considerable periods studying music. She had unusual musical ability; a rare soprano voice of wide range and fine quality. She sang in the village choir when at home and was an excellent pianist. She developed early, had an attractive personality, handsome in face and figure. At the age of sixteen she was no playmate for a boy of eight.

Good looking, a brilliant talker, an accomplished musician and with an assured position in our little town, she had suitors too numerous to relate in this brief history; but of one, her first serious love affair I will tell. At the mouth of the river, on the highest of the nearby sand dunes, stood the old stone lighthouse. It was built long before the present channel was cut through to the lake. The keeper of the light,

who was also the Harbour Master, was Mr. Underwood. With his wife and two children, Jimmie and Nellie, he lived in the stone lighthouse. Jimmie, an attractive lad of parts, secured an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and one fine day came home, graduated, an Ensign in the Navy. Tall, straight and handsome in his blue uniform and brass buttons, carrying a sword, he could not have been more wonderful if he had returned a Rear Admiral. I can just remember him, but remember better his photograph which Sister kept for years. She could not have been more than sixteen, Jimmie under twenty, and Father said they were too young to become engaged. Within a year Jimmie died of "quick consumption." We did not then know the word tuberculosis.

When "Uncle Ben" Plummer built the dam in Tannery Creek in 1834 he formed "The Pond." Not a pond, but "The Pond," which wound its way, shaded by trees, bordered with bushes, with constantly diminishing depth, for about a half-mile north from the tannery. On our youthful horizon there were but four known bodies of water: the "Big Lake," too distant to be visited except on grand occasions; the "River," near the school but dangerous and forbidden; "Goshorn Lake," where the older boys went fishing and skating; and finally, "The pond," right at hand, and ever inviting. For the boys the pond was the social centre of the community. Fishing, boating and swimming in summer; skating and bonfires in winter. There was not enough open space for sailing. Our water craft was mostly home made. I never saw a good rowboat or a canoe on the pond, though there were some wrecks which we boys had salvaged from the river. But a board raft, with decks awash, on which one must stand in the middle or swim for it, gave never-ending joy, with enough risk to be stimu-

lating. On the lower reaches the water was ten feet deep. There was a real danger to children "playing round the pond," as most of us usually were; but although there were some close calls, I being the principal in two, there was never a case of drowning.

I cannot remember when I learned to swim, though I do remember vividly when I first dared "swim over my head." There were no bathing suits in Dingleville. The boys swam near the road, behind the shelter of the dam. For the girls, Father had reserved forbidden ground in the grove, a quarter-mile up stream. Woe to any boy caught straying in that direction, peeking through the brush, hoping to add to his sum of useful knowledge.

From the upper windows of our house a far view of the dam and the swimming place of the boys could be had. At this distance one of the group could be indentified, my brother Luman. He had his mother's red hair, and the fair skin that goes with the hair. In the group his white body could be clearly seen, distinct from all the others.

Apart from the pond, young life at Dingleville gathered round the tannery, with its adjacent bark piles, and the barns. Many horses were kept, all transportation was by team, and there were ample barns and sheds. "Hy spy in the barn, boys, let's," and off to get Father's permission, which was rarely refused. Hiding in the hay loft, in the stalls, under the mangers, flat in the wagon boxes, with occasional tumbles and a breathless race to "Gool."

But the really great sporting event for which Dingleville was famous, the Friday night classic, was "High-bob-o-ree." This was an after-dark affair, held on the one night in the week when there was no depressing school or Sabbath duty pending. At this hour life was bursting with eager anticipation, hardly

able to wait the chores done and supper finished. The first boy to bolt his evening meal, perhaps an unfinished portion still in hand, starts from the parental door step for the rendezvous, calling "High-bob-o-ree, High-bob-o-ree." Out of the gathering darkness comes the same answering call, distant and faint, "High-bob-o-ree, High-bob-o-ree." The boys are gathering from east and west and north and south. Singly and in groups they meet at the top of the hill in front of the tannery office. Then all form a circle to "count out."

"Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Moe,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go,
Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Moe."

The last "moe" descending, appointed one unlucky boy "It." He remains at the top of the hill while the group saunters down towards the bridge, pretty well out of sight in the gloom of twilight. Once the bridge is reached, the gang in chorus sounds, "High-bob-o-ree" and rushes for cover, every man for himself. "It" races down the hill after the boys, now vanished, hidden, singly or in two's and three's, in favorite dark corners around the engine room, leach house, rolling room and bark piles. At intervals "It" demands, "Holler, why don't you holler?" and in reply some lad, safely distant, responds, "High-bob-o-ree." If there is no response the hunter knows his quarry is close at hand; but at a distance the hunted must "holler." All join the hunter as fast as captured and the first boy taken is "It" for the next chase. And so goes the game till nine o'clock when the dinner bell at Father's calls from the front porch. Then, hot and tired, but still reluctant, the group breaks up, planning new strategy for the next Friday night.

What the origin of the game or the name, I never knew. I have never seen it outside Dingleville but there "High-bob-o-ree" was an established institution.

I could fill more pages than I can afford to print with stories of other absorbing sports; bonfires on the ice, skating, trapping, fishing, hitching and sliding. Of my oldest brother, Alfred, and the wild turkey and fox he brought home one winter day, the certain proof of his ability as a hunter, though under fourteen. Of the Dingleville Charivari, which we spelled as we pronounced "Shivaree," which no newly-weds could escape. Fearing, however, that my grandchildren may think life in the 70's was all play and no work, let me tell of more serious subjects, school and church.

The primary education of the youth of Dingleville was in the "Ward school," though why so called I never knew. There were no wards in Saugatuck; but when the school was started and the town was booming there may have been hopes. The school was over a mile from the tannery, about a half-mile north of the cemetery. It was doubtless built to accommodate the youth of Singapore, as well as Dingleville. The building was frame, one door and an "entry" in front and three windows on each side. Mrs. Heath says the first structure was built in 1852; but I think the school I attended was put up later. I have always understood that it was built by Geo. E. Dunn, the Mr. Dunn whom my children called "Grandpa Dunn," and who, years later, built my cottage at Douglas. It was the typical "little red school house" in the country of a half century ago.

My first teacher was Hannah Chadbourne, who lived with her parents and sister in Saugatuck and who had recently moved to the village from the eastern part of the county. She later became my stepmother. I must have been about five when I first went

to school. I was delicate as a little boy, weighed only three and a half pounds at birth, and, from a fall in the tannery, had seriously injured a leg so that the distance to school was difficult for me. That first winter I rode on a sled pulled by our big Newfoundland dog, Watch. Watch was a real member of the school. His abode was under the teacher's desk. Keeping his place in the line with the scholars as they entered and were dismissed, he walked with dignity in and out; morning, noon, night and recess.

In this little school I learned my letters. Here I studied reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and the beginnings of grammar. It was a training approximating the present eight grades, but nothing like as broad a field as is now covered. It was long before the days of Kindergarten. All classes were of course in one room, study and recitation went on together. Back of the school was a grove of beech woods where. when little, we played house, using beech branches for brooms. As we boys grew older we went in for more manly sports, such as "one old cat" and "two old cat," "prison goal," "duck on the rock," "pom-pom pullaway," and "ante, ante, over." Baseball, with a hard ball, and football of any kind were unknown. We never had marbles but as a quiet game we did indulge in "mumblety peg." Trading jack-knives "unsight, unseen" was a favorite method of "skinning" your boy companion. I remember once carrying five knives in my pockets; all disreputable with broken blades and cracked handles, but fine to trade with.

Two of my Dingleville boy friends, classmates in the Ward school and Sabbath school and partners in "High-bob-o-ree," were Frank and Fred Greiner. Their father, who was a skilled worker in the tannery, died before the boys reached manhood; but they both fought their way to an education and professional life.

Fred became an artist and Frank a physician; both live in Seattle, Washington. Frank occasionally writes poems. A few years ago there was printed in the Saugatuck paper some of his verses, to be sung to the tune of "Old Oaken Bucket," extolling the beauties of Saugatuck, and inviting the memories of other boys and girls of fifty years gone. I replied with a verse on Dingleville. As a literary production I claim it to be as good as Frank's. It is justified here, however, for it lists so many of the names associated with the home of my youth.

DINGLEVILLE

In Saugatuck's praises, and on invitation,
I join you, nor question emotions that thrill;
But childhood for us, Frank, the closer relation
Was not in old Saugatuck but in Dingleville.

The pond and the dam and the tannery near it,
The two rows of maples, the sweet apple tree,
The sliding in winter, in summer, I hear it,
Loud throated boys' voices call "High-bob-o-ree!"

The faces on memory's screen; not forgotten
The Goshorns, the Greiners, the Gilmans and Dunn,
Hamilton, Augustine, Zwemer and Naughton,
The Olsons and Hansons, how the names come.

House, Weed and Wasson, the woods back of Skinners,
Halverson, Holmes, near the old Nichols farm;
The little brown school house for all us young sinners,
"Duck on the Rock" and "Hi-spy-in-the-Barn."

DeVries and Doran, the Ramans and Tedmon,
The bend of the River, Old Singapore;
Of all of the boys he sure was a dead one
Who did not at one time court wee Winnie More.

Old Editor Goshorn, go write your headliner
Of Saugatuck's beauty, in valley and hill;
But old Grandpa Wallin tells old Doctor Greiner,
Saugatuck's glory was old Dingleville.

When about twelve years old I went to the Saugatuck school. This was a graded institution with departments; primary, intermediate, grammar and high school. The building, a two-story frame structure of four rooms, was at the top of the hill above the river on the Allegan road, where the present brick school now stands. In my three years there I added a bit more to my store of book learning; history, drawing, physical geography, English, and a wee bit of Latin in a small class that met evenings at the home of Professor Bellows, the principal of the school. I graduated in the class of 1881 and have a diploma certifying the fact; but the sum of my schooling was nowhere near equal to the twelve years of work that the public schools now supply. When I entered high school in Grand Rapids in the fall of 1881, part of my classes were in the tenth and part in the eleventh grade.

Saugatuck was a rough town in the 70's. Saw mills, shipping and saloons, to a considerable degree, went along together. As is usual, the tough element made the most noise. The mills shut down and the vessels laid up when fall came on, and the men went into the lumber woods for the winter; but a lot of older boys, big enough to work during the summer season, released for three or four months, put in the time at school. Some of these were not exactly thirsting for knowledge. Their real ambition in life was to "lick the teacher," and there were periods when the yearning was satisfied and school closed. Another grim decision was to keep the country boys in a proper state of meek submission. They outnumbered us, and outweighed us, too; but they were not as well organized, and could not outfight us. Luman was our leader and a courageous one. The "saw mill gang" soon came to have a healthy respect for the boys from Dingle-

ville. This warfare, doubtless contributed to the solidarity of the Dingleville clan and helped to beget a loyalty that lasts to this day.

There were three churches in Saugatuck: The Congregational, Episcopalian, and the Reformed, which we called the "Dutch" church. In this latter the services were in the Holland language. The immigrant tide to Western Michigan from the Netherlands was at flood when I was a boy. It began in 1847 and continues even now, though in diminished volume. It has profoundly affected Michigan, particularly that portion of the state between the Kalamazoo and Grand rivers. The centre of the early settlement was at Holland, twelve miles north of Saugatuck. In and about our village there were many Dutch. These people were and still are notable for their faithful Sabbath observance. To them the Sabbath was sacred, the church was the house of God. Two long services were held, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Twice each Sunday they walked past our house in Dingleville to their church and twice returned to their homes. These early Holland immigrants had no horses, the farm work was largely done with ox teams. Church attendance was on foot. The men led in solemn procession; the women, as was seemly, walked behind the men, all in sober black.

The Sabbath was not as solemn for the Wallins as for our Holland neighbors; but it was invariable and it was the Sabbath, no mere week-end. Saturday afternoon we prepared for Sunday. Boots were cleaned and greased and blacked, best clothes laid out, Sunday school lessons learned and everybody bathed. Saturday night baths, now a subject for merriment, were no joke then. All the water was hand pumped, heated on the kitchen stove and carried, pail

at a time, to the zinc tub in an unheated bath room, the only bathroom in Dingleville.

Let no modern, who merely turns a handle in a steam heated room, steps into a porcelain tub, and sits in perfumed water on a rubber mat, hug to his breast any delusions of superior virtue. A bath in the average city home today is easy relaxation; fifty years ago it was a job. I have full sympathy with the immigrant girl who, referring to the old home, said with astonishment, "O ve *never* baade in de *vinter*."

Sunday morning at nine-thirty the Congregational cavalcade started for the "Flats," as Saugatuck was called. Usually two or three teams, with room not only for the family, but for any and all others. Carriage, buggy and lumber wagon in summer; bob sleighs and cutters in winter, well covered with buffalo robes and blankets. Only two miles, but about three-quarters of an hour over the deep sand roads to the village. Not quite so sombre a procession as that which passed on foot an hour earlier to the Dutch church; but no gaiety, loud talking, unseemly conduct. Father was no narrow Puritan; but he remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. That Dingleville group was a strong tower to the little brown church on the hill; and the regular church-going habit, formed under Father's lead, came to be a strong tower for righteousness in many lives.

We started at nine-thirty and returned at two. Often the entire household attended, including the "hired girl," with consequent delay in preparing the mid-day meal. A favorite Sunday dinner was an iron kettle full of cornmeal mush left bubbling on the back of the stove, over a slow fire, ready to be served with bowls of milk as soon as the hungry family entered the house.

Of all the ministers called to the church at Sauga-

tuck none was so close to our family as Rev. Jas. F. Taylor. "Elder Taylor," he was called; "Rector Taylor" was the minister of the Episcopal church. Jas. F. Taylor baptized all Father's children except the youngest, and assisted at the marriage of the oldest. His wife and children became our intimate associates, forming a family friendship that lasts to this day. Before our family left Saugatuck the Taylors moved to the lake shore, south of Douglas and occupied Lake Ridge Farm. Here I and my family have spent many happy hours. There were three children: Will, Grace and Mabel; the girls a little younger and Will a little older than I. Will, in early manhood, moved to Washington, where he has since made his home. Here he has earned a well deserved fame as Dr. W. A. Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry.

The church was the social centre. The gala days were the "church doings." Apart from Christmas, the Sunday school picnic was the big event of the year. In addition there were concerts, oyster suppers, sleigh rides, ice cream socials and lawn parties; all sponsored by the church. The Episcopalians permitted cards and dancing but we Congregationalists had serious misgivings about such conduct. Neither was allowed in our house during the life of my own mother.

Then, too, there was always work to be done. Though there were "hired men" and "hired girls" in and about the home, the children had their allotted jobs, from early youth. When very young we boys fed the hens, gathered the eggs and filled the wood box. As we grew older we tended the pig and went after the cows. Later we learned to milk, split wood, hoed the garden, gathered apples and dug potatoes. These "chores" were regular daily duties. The barn men who cared for the tannery teams looked after all the horses, but we youngsters learned to "hitch up" and

"unhitch" whenever we used the family equipment. The Ward school was about a mile and the high school two miles from the house. Except for a chance "hitch" we always walked to and from school. The morning and evening chores added to a day that could not be called idle.

In all the years at Saugatuck there was continuous communication with Chicago. Father was often called over to the store on business matters. Practically all the leather was sold there and most of the hides were bought in Chicago. In summer transportation was by steam boat across the lake; in winter by stage to East Saugatuck or New Richmond, and then by rail over the Chicago and West Michigan Railroad, now the Pere Marquette.

In summer there was a good deal of visiting between the families in Illinois and Michigan. We children went to Elgin to see the Van Nostrand cousins and they came to our house during vacation time. Later the two older Van Nostrand boys, Charles and Frank, worked in the tannery and lived part of the time at Father's. We visited more often in Chicago at the home of Uncle Thomas. I think we were there more or less every year. Aunt Annie was greatly loved and Jessy the favorite cousin. My memory goes back to the days when they lived on Green Street, on the west side. We used to go out to Union Park to see the grizzly bear. Uncle Thomas' only daughter, Jessy, Mrs. H. B. Heywood, spent her summer vacations with us frequently. She is near my age and was more of a playmate and companion, when we were children, than my sister Elizabeth.

One of my earliest recollections is of the time of the Chicago fire, in the fall of 1871. It was an exceptionally dry season and at the time Chicago was burning Western Michigan was on fire. The town of

Holland was destroyed and Saugatuck was saved only by constant effort. For a week Father had all the men on guard, night and day, at the tannery; on the roofs and the bark piles, armed with pails of water and wet blankets, watching for the sparks that were carried by high winds from the burning woods. Practically the whole country between Dingleville and Holland was burned. Luman and I carried coffee to the fire watchers, a pail between us. When the danger was over Father drove to Holland with the family to see the ruins. There were places where live coals were still burning and Father covered us children with blankets to keep the smoke out of our lungs.

Politics are vivid in my memory. Presidential campaigns were serious business. Dingleville was almost one hundred per cent Republican, while Saugatuck was strongly Democrat. In my youthful concept a Democrat was a public enemy; the very existance of the nation was threatened if the Republicans failed to win. The first campaign of which I have a faint recollection was 1872. I can remember singing in chorus with other boys, sitting on the bank of the pond:

"Grant rides a white horse, Greely rides a mule.
"Grant is our President, Greely is a fool."

As I was only just past six I probably had no clear idea as to what it was all about; but when the "Hay makers" were organized four years later in the Hayes and Tilden contest I took an intelligent interest and aspired to carry a rake and march in the parade. A few days after election, word came that the Democrats had won and the despised Tilden was elected. Luman and I could scarcely be pursuaded to go to school. We wept bitter tears of humiliation and hid from the Democrat boys of the saw mill gang, our courage all gone. But, through some miracle which we could not

fathom, it one day appeared that right had triumphed after all and Hayes was elected. Then how our courage returned, and how the Democrats slunk out of sight.

When the campaign of 1880 came on, the torch light parade was introduced. In Saugatuck we used cat tails, the bloom end soaked in kerosene, to supplement the limited supply of the tin can and wick torches furnished by the county committee.

Mother's brother, Luman Tanner, lived at our home a good deal of the time prior to mother's death. At one time he had charge of the tannery office. He was never very strong. He went West for his health and died of tuberculosis while still a young man. He was never married.

Father's brother, Alfred, also lived for a few years at Dingleville. I think he must have gone over from Chicago with Father in 1853 when he was seventeen years old. He worked in the tannery under Father's direction. Father was but four years his senior. Although Uncle Alfred was much taller and stronger than Father, and, although his ways departed widely from the code of his brother, the "Deacon"; still I never heard of anything but loyalty on the part of the younger brother, nor of aught but affection between the two. Uncle Alfred left Dingleville when he was twenty-one, the year that Father married, and I never knew him until he had achieved his high position as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Dakota. That he was the brilliant member of the Wallin family there was no question. Many stories of his prowess in Saugatuck days have come to me. Over six feet tall, of dark complexion, straight as an arrow, he was the interesting personality in youth as in his mature years. When he wrote "Graduated" on the tannery door and left, with $200.00 in his pocket, for

Chicago, it was not because of differences with his brother, it was because of a determination to get an education. A biographical sketch of Judge Alfred Wallin has been written and published by his daughter, Madeline Wallin Sikes.

For nearly seventeen years Father and Mother lived their full life together in Saugatuck. A happy life of work and worship, love and joy, with some alloy of anxiety and sorrow; a fair degree of business success and fiancial competence; a family of four, a daughter and three sons. Then came tragedy.

It was in December, 1873. Mother had been seriously sick but she was improving and, as her mother and brother were with her, Father left on a business trip to Chicago. The older boys of the neighborhood had planned a skating party for Christmas and, with Mothers' permission, Alfred, then nearly fourteen, and his intimate friend, Will Dunn, went to Goshorn lake to inspect the ice. Alfred skated into a "Spring hole" and, in spite of his ability as a swimmer and the efforts of his friend, he drowned. This was on the twenty-second. Mother was in bed when the news came, but rose and organized the men in the tannery to recover the body. The shock, however, was more than she could bear and on New Year's morning, 1874, she passed on with a "Sure hope of Heaven." Father has written that "no fear of the future disturbed her mind, her only regret was in leaving her 'poor little boys'." I was past seven, Luman nearly ten.

Of my Mother her Pastor has written:

"She did not live for herself alone; but for her family, her friends, the Church and society as well. Although her health had been frail for many years, she found ways and means of cheering many hearts and strengthening many hands. Those who knew her best

loved her most, and appreciated most highly her genuine Christian character."

At the end of the summer of that same year, 1874, Father married Hannah Chadbourne, who had been the friend of his first wife and the teacher of her boys. The marriage at this time, so soon following the tragic death of my Mother, was always resented by my sister. Luman and I were too young to sense the difficult situation, but I remember the wedding as a sombre affair; both of us cried.

To this union there was born at Dingleville two children, Charles Curtis Wallin, January 3, 1876, and William Chadbourne Wallin, May 30, 1878. Bertha, the youngest member of the family, was born in Grand Rapids, December 5, 1882. Charles, with the full name of his grandfather, followed grandfather's profession and has been, for over twenty years, a leading physician of Lewistown, Montana. Will, called "Curly" in his early school days, because of the yellow curls of his babyhood, is living in Cleveland, Ohio. Will happily married, following the death of his first wife, the very capable friend of his youth, Katherine Newton, of Kalamazoo.

In the late 70's bark became increasingly difficult to get. The nearby forests were gone. Six or eight miles was the teaming limit and hope of the long promised railroad was abandoned. It was evident that the tannery would soon have to close. To extend its life, plans were made to bring bark by water from the Grand river to the Kalamazoo. In this venture Father formed a partnership with Capt. J. N. Upham and traded his Dingleville home for an interest in a tug and scows belonging to Upham and his son-in-law, Charles T. Smith. It was in 1879 or the spring of 1880 that Smith moved into our Dingleville home and we moved to the village of Saugatuck where we occu-

pied the house built by Samuel Johnson. This house still stands. It is on the Richmond road about a quarter-mile east of the high school.

The inability to get bark by team had also compelled the tannery at Douglas to close down. This plant was built in about 1863 by Daniel T. Gerber. The Gerbers and the Wallins were intimate friends, another friendship which continues to this date. When Daniel Gerber's sons moved to Fremont, there to build another tannery, C. C. Wallin & Sons bought the Douglas tannery and supplied it for two or three years with bark brought in by water.

The Douglas tannery was a sole leather tannery. Father's early training was in curried leather, such as calf skin, side upper and harness leather. The Dingleville tannery had tanned all kinds, but Father never felt that he was expert in managing a sole leather yard. Through some acquaintance in Chicago, a sole leather tanner, James T. Phillips, from near Buffalo, New York, came to Saugatuck and there arranged to take charge of the Douglas tannery. I think a new partnership was formed with Mr. Phillips, at least he had a share in the profits. He managed the tannery as long as it was operated, the leather all going to the Chicago store. During the summer of 1881, for a period of several months, I worked in the Douglas tannery, walking to and from work from our home in Saugatuck. At this time Luman was working in the tannery at Dingleville and boarding near the tannery.

When Mr. Phillips moved to Saugatuck he brought a fine, capable wife and a family of three little girls and one boy, all with blue eyes and light hair. The youngest of those children, Mabel, years later, in Grand Rapids, married my brother Will. She died in Johnson City, Tenn., in 1922. The oldest, Frances,

married Mr. Henry L. Adsit of Grand Rapids, one of the old friends of our family.

The partnership of Wallin and Upham, though lasting only a few years, as it was originally planned, was of intense interest to me. It put Father into the shipping business, and what boy is there who does not like a boat? Bark was bought in Ottawa county on both sides of the Grand river, brought to the river bank and loaded on flat-bottomed scows which were towed down the river and up the lake to the Kalamazoo. Part of the supply was unloaded near the mouth of Tannery creek and part taken farther up the river to Douglas. In the years 1879-1880 and 1881 C. C. Wallin & Sons secured a large part of the bark that was peeled within hauling distance of the Grand river, going as far up stream as Eastmanville. I remember spending a night on the tug at Eastmanville when loading bark bought of William Hefferan, father of William Hefferan, now Vice President of the Old Kent Bank of Grand Rapids. Mr. Hefferan permitted us to sleep in the hay loft of his barn; we could not decide where the mosquitoes were the worst. In the spring and fall, when the bark season was over, an occasional trip was made to Chicago with a scow-load of lumber or ties and I was allowed to go over with Capt. Upham on one of these rather risky voyages. At about the age of ten I once sailed to Chicago on the fast schooner, "O. R. Johnson." I was in charge of my step-mother's cousin, Mark Chadbourne, who was first mate of the vessel. There is no life quite so interesting to youth as the life of the sailor.

At the close of that summer of 1881 the Van Nostrand cousins, Daisy and Will, from Elgin, and Cousin Jessy from Chicago, with a friend from Salt Lake City, Mattie Pickard, came over for a visit to Saugatuck. Charlie and Frank Van Nostrand and Luman

and I were released from our tannery jobs for a week or two and all of us, including Estelle Wilson, who was, for a brief summer, Frank's best girl, camped on the shores of the big lake. Our tents were pitched a few rods north of the present Lake Shore Chapel, west of Douglas. Jessy was Camp Mother, all disputes subject to her decisions. We were there about two weeks, my first camping experience.

It was early in 1881, one day in school, Estelle Wilson whispered to me a tremendous secret. She knew it was true, she had learned it from my big cousin Frank; but I was not to let anyone know who told me. "Your Father is planning to build a tannery in Grand Rapids and you are all to move there in the fall." Discrete inquiry proved Estelle to be right. Land had been bought, plans had been drawn and A. C. Zwemer, the boss carpenter, was to go at once to Grand Rapids to begin construction. Exciting news, indeed. The big event, an undreamed possibility come true. Life in a city where there were paved streets, stone sidewalks, street cars and railroads. There was no thought of regret in my young mind, only eager anticipation of the wonderful, larger life opening before me.

Late in the fall, 1881, the tannery at Dingleville, established in the hemlock woods in 1835, and managed by Father for nearly thirty years, ground the last cord of bark, tanned, finished and shipped the last hide, and closed down. Father moved to Grand Rapids in October. I had been sent on ahead, in time to enter school at the beginning of the term, about the first of September.

The Michigan Wallins had left the Kalamazoo valley and were settled in the valley of the Grand.

Saugatuck celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in 1930. An impressive part of the week of

events was the Sunday night service in the Congregational church, its seventieth anniversary. Dr. Walter B. House, who had charge of the meeting, compiled the material brought out by the service and the church has published it in a little brochure. A good deal of information is contained in this small volume regarding the early days of Saugatuck, including much that relates to the families that were active in the village fifty years ago. There is frequent reference to Father and his family. The pamphlet closes with a clipping from the Saugatuck Commercial-Record of July 18, 1930, regarding the "Dingleville Picnic," which formed a part of the week of centennial celebration.

"Old Timers"
At Lake Ridge Farm
August 23, 1924

YESTERDAY AND TODAY
1876-1926

The winding river widens to a lake,
Boomed and filled with logs
And lined with docks;
Every level place a mill site,
From Singapore to Saint Pere Point.

Vessels loading at the mills,
One, three master;
Schooners, barges,
Busy tugs, with swelling wake
That threaten small boats with disaster.

The smell of new sawn lumber
And the saw dust in the street,
Odor of pitch and pine;
The tarry smell of yards
Where wooden ships are built,
Well seamed with oakum,
Caulked with clicking mallets.

The stinging sound of saw,
High pitched, screaming through the log;
The blast of steam suddenly released,
The chorus of discordant whistles
Calling men to labor.

* * * *

The winding river widens to a lake
Unspoiled by boom or pile;
The long bridge lined with willows,
Trees, green grass and sandy beach
To the water's edge.

Cool shadows below the western hills,
A fisherman, standing in his boat,
Casting among the lily pads.
At evening the sound of a distant bell
And voices softly call across the water.

V. A. W. Chicago, 1926

GENEALOGY

THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY

THE Grand River is the largest stream in Michigan. Its source is in the high hills of Jackson county, well over toward the southeastern corner of the state. Its general course is northwest, but with many windings in other and sometimes opposite directions. As it flows through the city of Grand Rapids its course is almost due south. At Wallinwood, a half-mile after it passes my study windows, the current sets due north. In its way across the state and into Lake Michigan it has journeyed over 300 miles.

The river was known to the early French explorers a century before the War of the Revolution. Missionaries and fur traders, who reached the stream by small boats from Mackinac Island, were on the river before the end of the eighteenth century. Joseph La Flamboise, a fur trader, located on the river, near the present village of Lowell, as early as 1796. Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard visited the mouth of the river in May, 1819. In 1821 Rix Robinson built two trading posts on the Grand, one near the present village of Ada and one at the mouth of the river. In 1826 came the founders of Grand Rapids, Louis Campau, with his wife, Sophie de Marsac Campau.

La Flamboise, Hubbard, Robinson, and Campau were all fur traders, identified with John Jacob Astor and his American Fur Company at Mackinac. Permanent settlement which brought in woodsmen, home builders, and farmers, true pioneers, coming, not as transients, but to remain, may be said to have begun a hundred years ago.

In 1831 the Government surveyors reached the valley at the Rapids. In 1831 Ottawa county was defined. In 1831 the first settler, as distinct from trader, built at the mouth of the river. In 1831 white men, in increasing numbers found their way overland from Detroit, reaching the valley, far upstream, following its winding way, on foot and in canoes, to the Rapids; and in that year a Boston Congregational Missionary Journal stated that within a six-mile radius of Grand Rapids there were "More than twenty professors of religion." It was a century ago, in 1831, that the Grand River valley began to emerge from the forest; began to develop in agriculture, industry, religion and community life.

In 1832 the lands on sections eleven and twelve of town six, north; twelve, west, which we now call Wallinwood, were conveyed by the Government of the United States to the first private owners, Ebenezer and Sylvester Sibley, and in 1835 Lemuel Jenison and his family settled on the site of the village that now bears his name.

In 1836 Ebenezer and Sylvester Sibley sold to Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard and to Hubbard's friend, John H. Kinzie, an interest in those lands they had purchased from Uncle Sam in 1832, and so it has come about that those two names, Hubbard and Kinzie, so intimately connected with the early history of Chicago; names so well known more than fifty years ago to the Chicago Wallins, are linked with the later generations of Wallins now on the Grand river valley in Michigan. It is probable that Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard, more than once, saw the lands, which I now see from my windows as I write, when they were covered with virgin forest, more than a century ago. In referring to Hubbard, it is of interest to note that my wife, in about the years 1884 and 1885, often saw him,

then a vigorous old man, walking the roads of Mackinac Island, where he spent his summers.

It was a half century ago that the Wallins moved to Grand Rapids. I am contrasting living conditions of that day with this; thinking of the half century of progress.

Electricity, as a practical power for the service of mankind, was just beginning in 1881. I got my first glimpse of it, in action, the day I landed in Grand Rapids. My trip from Saugatuck was by boat with Capt. Upham, to Grand Haven and then by the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railway to the city. The depot was on Coldbrook Street, near Plainfield Avenue. I arrived in the early evening, and paid an expressman twenty-five cents to take me and my trunk to my boarding place on Fifth Avenue. (Now Franklin Street). As we turned onto what was then called Canal Street I saw, for the first time, electric street lights. To one unfamiliar with the comparative gloom of kerosene lamps and gas lights, indoors and out, it is impossible to appreciate my amazement at the dazzling brightness of those arc lights. At that time there were no incandescent lights. Theatres and churches were lighted by gas. It was a common belief that the electric light was too unreliable to be used indoors.

The Bell Telephone Co. had an exchange in Grand Rapids in 1881 and a few large offices had phones installed. They were not in general use in either offices or homes. We had none in the tannery office until about 1885. Electric door bells were still in the future. The first one I ever saw was in the home of Harvey J. Hollister. I fumbled round a long time before I found it. There was a good deal of doubt about pressing a button to ring a door bell, a suggestion of small business. Any electrical substitute for

a silver tea bell on the dining room table would have been too mechanical to be in good form.

Electric motors for power were unknown, consequently there were no electric street cars. Horse-drawn cars were clattering along at a sharp pace when hitting six miles an hour. There was no substitute for a team of fast horses on a light buggy when it came to getting about. An extra good roadster would pull a light rig five miles in a half hour; but would be dripping with sweat at the end of the trip. The practical bicycle did not come into use until after we moved to Grand Rapids. There were a few of the high wheel machines, too dangerous for any but experts. Will Gay had one, but I never learned to ride until the low-wheeled bike, at first much derided, was put on the market, about 1890.

The automobile did not displace the horse to any large extent until after 1906. I think my first machine, an Oldsmobile, that steered with a tiller, was in 1903 or 1904. It was a fragile affair. A few days after I bought it I drove out to the tanneries at Comstock Park, about six miles, and was roundly reproved by the sales agent for venturing so far from home.

When Father and the family arrived in Grand Rapids in October, 1881, I met them at the old wooden depot, located where the present Union depot is, and we all got into George Mill's hack and were driven to the new home on the west side. This was my first ride in a hack. A hack indicated a certain degree of affluence. A fine span of horses, nickel trimmed harness, a shiny hack and a high hat on the driver were a certificate of prosperity.

The pavements of the city were confined to a small area near to Campau Square, made of round cedar blocks, set on end, resting on plank foundations, the interstices filled with tar. Concrete and asphalt were

unknown. The highest grade country road was made of bank gravel; the main highways being toll roads and under private ownership.

"Darius Green and his flying machine" had proven the absurd impossibility of the airplane. If one had spoken of wireless and radio he would have been sent to Kalamazoo.

Industrial change and mechanical development of the past fifty years have profoundly affected the daily life of women in the home. No stoves to black, no fires to build, no ashes to carry. No lamps to clean and fill, no wicks to trim nor chimneys to wash — and break. No water to pump, no pitchers to fill, no slops to empty. No clothes to wash nor iron. No quilting frames nor curtain stretchers. No home-baked beans, no home-baked bread nor home-dried fruit. No seamstress and no semi-annual dressmaking riot. No knitting of stockings, socks, mittens nor mufflers. No hams to smoke, no sausage to grind, no pork to brine, no lard to try. Everything at hand, without labor, ready. Ready to wear, ready to serve, ready to eat. If some Bellamy, in an earlier "Looking Backward," had described to Orcelia Tanner Wallin the home of her granddaughter, Orcelia Wallin Torson, or the homes of her other granddaughters, Marion, Dorothy, Katharine and Agnes; Grandmother Orcelia would have quoted Scripture: "They toil not, neither do they spin."

With this lifting of burdens it is no wonder women are restless. Their easy home environment does not absorb their energies; particularly where, as is now so general, there are but one or two children.

A head line in this morning's Grand Rapids Herald reads:

"PANTLIND BALL ROOM PACKED;
LECTURE BY BRIDGE EXPERT"

A prominent neurologist, whose patients are mostly women, said to me only a few weeks ago: "Really, in these modern days, a woman without a family is in the devil of a fix." I suppose lectures on Bridge help some.

When I went to Grand Rapids, to begin school in September, 1881, I lived, until the family came in October, with Mr. and Mrs. Hanchett on Franklin Street, then called Fifth Avenue, a few houses west of Division Avenue. Mrs. Hanchett was a sister of Mrs. George E. Dunn of Saugatuck, and through this relation I secured the boarding place. Mr. Hanchett was the uncle of Benjamin S. Hanchett, our neighbor at Jenison.

In 1881 there was only one High School. It was on Lyon Street, between Ransom and Barclay, just east of the present "Junior High." It was a three-story brick building. The principal was Prof. E. A. Strong, most highly regarded by scholars, parents and teachers alike. Professor Strong later went to the Normal school at Ypsilanti, and there, too, he endeared himself to all who knew him.

Of the teachers in the High School when I came to Grand Rapids only one, I think, is now living: Prof. Greeson, who taught Greek and Latin. Miss Abbott was the art teacher. She later became Mrs. Mark Norris.

My first seat mate was Eugene Le Chance, who came from Mackinac Island. A fine, sincere boy and a good student. He is now the manager of the "Grand Hotel" on the Island. Clay Hollister was the outstanding boy in the school. He was a senior when I entered as a junior. The boys called him "Daubus." Two of my classmates became Catholic priests, Father Brown and Father Jewell. Jewell first went into the Episcopal church. He was married and had children

but entered the Catholic church following the death of his wife. Another boy friend was Reuben Smith, who became a Congregational minister. Dudley Waters and Frank Coleman, Grand Rapids Bankers, were also in my classes. John B. Martin was not in school with me, he had gone to Andover; but Alta Winchester (Martin) was one of the best scholars and most popular girls in the room. Others, who are known to my children, were Nettie Heyman, now Mrs. Benjamin Wolf, Ida Wolf, now Mrs. Morris Heyman, Mattie Dole (Mrs. George Bemis), Georgie Orcutt (Mrs. William Findlater), and Susie Blodgett (Mrs. Edward Lowe). My most intimate school friend was Kendall Hess. His father was in the hide and wool business, the firm being Perkins and Hess.

When it was settled that the new tannery was to be built in Grand Rapids, Father and Uncle Thomas bought a tract of several acres on the west side, including most of the land north of Wealthy Street, east of Straight and south of the New York Central tracks, extending to the river. The land cost four hundred dollars an acre. In addition, Father bought of Francis Letellier, one time Mayor of the city, a house on Letellier Street, near the tannery on Front Street. This was Father's home for several years.

In 1881 the Wallin Leather Co., a Michigan corporation, was formed. Nearly all the stock was owned by Grandfather Wallin, Uncle Thomas and Father. For two or three years Jas. T. Phillips was a stockholder and Vice President and Superintendent. The land occupied by the tannery, on the bank of the river just north of Wealthy Street, and also across Front Street, used as a bark yard, was sold to the company by Father and Uncle Thomas.

The plant got into operation in 1882. Sole leather, only, was produced, using, almost exclusively, dry

hides, which were bought in Chicago, but which originated in Colorado, Arizona, Utah and other western states. The leather was largely marketed in the Chicago store; though some was sold in Michigan direct from the tannery.

The bark used in tanning came from Northern Michigan, being shipped in over the Chicago and West Michigan (Now Pere Marquette) and Grand Rapids and Indiana (Now Pennsylvania) roads. In the first years this bark came, almost wholly, from points south of Newaygo and Big Rapids; but rapidly the nearby timber was cut off and the buying reached farther and farther north, finally into the Upper Peninsula and Wisconsin. In those first years our bark cost about five dollars a cord of 128 cubic feet, at the tannery.

The capacity of the plant, when started, was one hundred sides daily. This was increased from time to time until we reached a daily capacity of four hundred sides in about 1900.

For two years, from September, 1881, to June, 1883, I attended the Grand Rapids High School. Father had planned that my brother Luman should go into the tannery and become a practical tanner and I should be fitted for the office and store. To that end I studied bookkeeping in school and also took a short course in the Grand Rapids Business College, located in the Ledyard block on the corner of Pearl and Ottawa Streets. Luman was in high school with me for only a few months, until the tannery started up.

In the summer of 1883 I went into the tannery office, as bookkeeper, at nine dollars a week. For thirty-five years I remained on the pay roll of the Wallin Leather Co., resigning as President in 1918.

I think it must have been in 1882 that the Douglas tannery was abandoned and James T. Phillips came to Grand Rapids and took charge as superintendent

of the tannery. After about two years, however, he resigned and sold his stock in the company. Father then, with the aid of his two oldest sons, handled the entire tannery end of the business.

There hangs in my room a framed letter, dated September 8, 1876, written from Crogham, N. Y., addressed to C. C. Wallin & Sons, and signed "W. & Y. Rice." It refers to a proposal by the Rices to tan for C. C. Wallin & Sons a lot of 500 or 1000 dry hides. The charge for tanning was to be seven cents per pound of finished leather. So far as I know this transaction was the beginning of the intimate relations that have continued between the two families for more than half a century. Being only 10 years old at the time the letter was written I have no memory of that early business deal; my first contact with these long time friends was in 1885 when William Wirt Rice and his family stopped at Father's house in Grand Rapids, on their way to Petoskey from the old home in New York state. This was followed a few years later by an invitation from George S. Rice to visit him and the new tannery at Kegomic, about two miles from Petoskey. Since that time George Rice and I have been intimate friends. Our mutual interest in the tanning business has led to a close companionship which has included our wives and our children. He and his wife are "Uncle George" and "Aunt Fannie" to Franklin and Orcelia and we are "Uncle Van" and "Aunt Lily" to his sons.

In 1887 again came tragedy into Father's life. Luman was caught by a belt in the tannery, drawn round a shaft and killed. He lived a few hours after the accident but, mercifully, never became conscious. When my brother Alfred was drowned I was too young to judge him. I have only the statements of older persons, within and without the family, as to his fine

quality. Of my brother Luman, however, I can testify from knowledge. His was a forthright, honest, sincere nature. No compromiser, no yielding of conviction for personal advantage. He loved work, mental or physical. A hard example in mathematics or a tough job anywhere stimulated him. In these qualities of courage, frankness and industry he was much my superior. In that other life, to which both my brothers so early passed, they have, I am sure, reached high positions, the reward of ability and character.

Luman died about a year after my sister Elizabeth was married. Her romance was the result of early school days. While we were living in Saugatuck she attended Olivet College, when she was about fifteen. Then, as now, the college was largely supported by the Congregational churches of the state. Among the pupils was a boy, Harry Howard Foster, of Ludington. More than ten years later the two found themselves living in Racine, Wisconsin. She was teaching music and he had a retail lumber business there. The renewal of the old acquaintance led to their marriage in June, 1886, in Father's first home, on the west side, in Grand Rapids. Soon after her marriage my sister and her husband moved to Merrill, Wisconsin, where Harry took charge of a lumber company in which he and his father were large stockholders. Sister was in Grand Rapids, paying us her first visit after her marriage, at the time of Luman's death.

Almost at once, after reaching Grand Rapids, Father took his family into the First (Park) Congregational Church, and those of us who were members of the church at Saugatuck united with Park Church by letter, fifty years ago, this fall. As Clay Hollister was the notable boy in school, his father, Harvey J. Hollister, was the most prominent man in Park Church. Indeed, he was, perhaps, the most prominent

man in Grand Rapids. The active head of the First National Bank, later Old National Bank, his position of leadership in church, society and business was unquestioned. Father soon became active in church work and during most of the years that followed held some kind of church office: Trustee, Deacon, Member of Business Committee, Sunday School Superintendent. Rev. J. Morgan Smith was the pastor when we came, a notable, able man of advanced and liberal ideas. He gave Park Church in its early days a reputation for tolerance, which it has ever maintained.

After Luman's death, I took a more active interest in the work of the tannery. Soon a bookkeeper was secured to do the office work and I became tannery superintendent. I think my first official title was Secretary and Superintendent.

In those early days of the Wallin Leather Co., before my majority, I spent a good deal of time, under the direction of Uncle Thomas, in the Chicago store, studying the merchandising end of the business; buying hides and selling leather. During these periods in Chicago, which often were for months at a time, I lived with Uncle Thomas on Dearborn Avenue. His wife, "Aunt Annie," was a great favorite with all the nephews and nieces. We were often at the house, for longer or shorter periods. Uncle's daughter, Jessy, was an only child and my place in the home was like that of a son. Jessy and I were, of course, constantly together and I, for a time, was very much in love. But she was a little older than I and a cousin and could not be pursuaded. And, anyway, there was an older, taller, better looking young fellow in the circle; and I had to be content as a cousin, while she became Mrs. H. B. Heywood.

Later I went regularly to buy hides in the Chicago market. Still later I went into the West, buying hides,

first in Kansas and Colorado and afterward farther afield, where dry hides originated. For several years, prior to 1905, I made regular trips, once or twice a year, through the southwest and on into Mexico. During these years we ran very largely on Mexican hides, with permanent buying agencies down there.

A year after the Wallins moved to the Rapids the baby of the family was born, on December 5th, 1882. Curly-haired Bertha with her mother's blue eyes. The only one of Father's flock born outside Saugatuck; with no country experience and no desire to live on a farm, thank you. So much younger than I that I can scarcely realize that she is the mother of those two fine big boys, men really. They get their eyes from their mother, but their stalwart bodies are largely the contribution of their father. Bertha married, April 24, 1907, Harley G. Moorhead, of Omaha. With a reputation even in his young manhood as the Election Commissioner of Omaha, he now is honored by a Doctor's degree, conferred by Oberlin College, in recognition of his inflexible purpose to give his city clean elections and honest government.

The youngest of Father's brothers, "Uncle Ned," had, in his early manhood, moved to Utah and married there. More of his life will be found in the chapter on Chicago written by my cousin, Mrs. Heywood; of the death of his wife and the coming of his two little daughters to the homes of his brothers, Thomas and Franklin. Katharine, the older, came to Grand Rapids in 1889 and lived in Father's home until her marriage to Howard A. Thornton in 1898. Later her sister, Dorothy, came to Grand Rapids to be married from Katharine's home, to Paul King, of Kalamazoo.

In 1886, the year I was twenty, I met Jennie A. Marshall, whose home was near Byron Center, Michigan; but who was living in the city that year. Our

acquaintance soon developed into an engagement, and marriage the following year. Shortly before I met her, her older sister had died of consumption and doubtless Jennie, when I first knew her, was already a victim of the disease, then so little understood. Soon after our engagement her health became impaired and she went to California for the winter, hoping to return fully restored. We were married on her return but the disease rapidly developed in the more difficult Michigan climate and within a year, on July 29, 1889, she died. Later, the third sister also died of the same dread disease. Jennie's mother was a Catholic and at the request of the mother's family she was buried in the Catholic cemetery, on Madison Avenue, just south of Franklin Street. The bodies of the three sisters lie side by side in the same lot.

During these early years the business of the Wallin Leather Co. slowly increased. We had an occasional "good year," with large profits; but, as a whole, earnings were not large and prosperity came only by constant effort, with many disappointments and failures. In 1888 Uncle Thomas had engaged a young man, a German by birth, Louis A. Zeus, as bookkeeper, at Chicago. He rapidly developed as an office man and salesman, and soon proved a most capable associate, assuming an ever increasing responsibility for the management of the store.

For years Father's pew in Park Church was on the north side aisle, about two-thirds of the way from the door. Just back of us I remember the family of T. Stewart White; fine looking and dignified father and mother, and five boys, mostly red-haired, filling the pew. In front sat Mr. and Mrs. Lyman D. Norris, their daughter, Maria, and niece, "Lily" Whittelsey. The son, Mark, was away at preparatory school and college and not often in church. In 1881 Lily Whittel-

sey was only twelve years old and I had reached more mature years, fifteen; but her picture, at that time, is still clear. A slender, quiet, well behaved pattern of a girl; demure and proper. An unusually fair complexion was responsible for the practical abandonment of a fine old name, Elizabeth, and the general use of the pet name, Lily. Her flaxen hair was brushed straight back from the forehead and fell in two exceedingly long and heavy braids down her back. This is the picture of the girl, destined to "love, comfort, honor and keep" the present writer, now for nearly thirty-eight years.

I saw nothing of Lily in school. She was in lower grades, downstairs, while I was in the high school on the top floor. We occasionally met in Sabbath school where my stepmother was her teacher. When she was sixteen she went East to a preparatory school near Boston, the Waltham New Church School, and in 1888 she united with the New Church, commonly called the Swedenborgian Church, of Waltham. On her return to Grand Rapids, Lily did not attend Park Church but became a member of the Swedenborgian Church which was then located at the northwest corner of North Division Avenue and Lyon Street. Her uncle, Mr. Norris, and her cousin Mark had become identified with this church and until we were married she sang in the choir there.

From the time she was a babe she had lived with her uncle and aunt, her father's only sister, and the Norris home was the only home she had ever known. It was next north of the corner of Fulton and Prospect, then number twenty-one North Prospect Street.

It was about 1891 that Father moved to the east side, buying a home at twenty-eight South Prospect Street. He sold the home on Letellier Street to the tannery foreman, Frank Scott; and I boarded with

Mr. and Mrs. Scott. It was my habit to take dinner on Sundays and spend the afternoon at Father's. One Sunday, as I was walking up Fulton Street hill, I overtook Lily Whittelsey with her uncle, returning from church, and the old acquaintance was renewed. Within a few weeks I felt the call to the new church; to investigate those peculiar, and in many ways, alluring, doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. I never did come to thoroughly know Swedenborg; but I did get pretty well acquainted with the attractive neophyte who sang in the choir. I could not always get the sermon but I never failed to appreciate the music.

Late the next summer, in 1892, on a July day, on a bridle path on Mackinac Island, I pulled Lily off her horse, carried her over to a fallen log behind a screen of young maples (She weighed only ninety-four pounds) and pursuaded her to change her church, her home, her name and her vocation. Some change for a young girl to make, on short notice; and yet they do it right along, without much advice from their elders.

We were married in the little brown, Swedenborgian church, on the twenty-first of June, 1893. The decorations were white lilies. They were arranged by Mrs. Julia Follett, Mr. Norris' niece by marriage. Mrs. Follet is a twin sister to Charles R. Sligh, for years prominent in the history of Grand Rapids and of Michigan.

After a brief honeymoon at the World's Fair in Chicago we began housekeeping in quite an attractive old white house on the corner of South Front Street and Letellier Street, across the way from what was then the tannery office. The house was long ago burned and the location looks pretty tough now, but then there was a fine row of maples on the street, plenty of open ground south of us and we were very

happy there. It was near my work and where I belonged and my wife glad to be so near to me. Both children were born there, Franklin on the 27th of March, 1896, two days after my father's birthday, and Orcelia on the 21st of April, 1897.

In the spring of 1900 we built a cottage on the shore of Lake Michigan, where the road from Douglas meets the lake. For about ten years the family lived there during the summer vacation season. Soon after we built, my brother-in-law, W. H. Simpson of Chicago, built a summer home across the road, north of us. Later we sold the cottage and the following year it burned. The Simpson family still occupy their home; their children and grandchildren gathering there every summer.

In the fall of 1900, we moved from our first home on Front Street to North Lafayette Street, where we rented one side of a double house that was next door to the Congregational parsonage. We were neighbors to our much loved pastor, Dan F. Bradley. We lived there until October, 1906, when we moved into the new home we had built on Madison Avenue, the second house north of Logan Street, on the east side of Madison. We lived in this house until 1917 when we went to Washington during the World War. I sold the house in March, 1919, when we were living in Chicago.

In 1895 the Wallin Leather Co. increased its capital and purchased the name and business of the Chicago store, (C. C. Wallin & Sons). At this time Mr. Zeus bought stock in the company and was elected Vice President. Uncle was then sixty-five years old. He was not very strong and felt the need of spending the winters in a warm climate. To be entirely free to work as much or as little as he pleased, he refused any salary from this time on, although he

continued as President of the company for several years.

It was in about 1890 that Father went into a small lumbering operation at Sullivan, Michigan, on the Muskegon branch of the G. R. & I. R.R. Soon this timber at Sullivan was cut out and the operations were transferred to Benzie county. Here a small mill was built, on the Pere Marquette railroad, and a station and postoffice were located, named "Wallin." The business was in the name of the Sullivan Lumber Co. Most of the stock was held by Father; a minority interest being owned by the active manager of operations, C. C. Tuxbury. I had charge of the books of the company, which were kept in Grand Rapids. Father was President, I was Secretary and Treasurer. Some money had been made at Sullivan and, in spite of the hard times, the outlook was encouraging for a successful operation at Wallin; but in the summer of 1895, when Father was in Europe, a disastrous fire swept the whole region, burned the village of Wallin and wiped out the business. We had enough insurance to pay the debts of the company; but the stockholders lost about all they had invested.

A few years after the purchase of the Chicago store and the increase in the capital of the Wallin Leather Co., Mr. George Metz, the owner of the smaller of two tanneries located at Comstock Park, then called "Mill Creek," offered to sell out. Mr. Zeus and I agreed that the product of that tannery, packer hide sole leather, would be a desirable addition to the lines of leather we were selling in Chicago and a group was organized which purchased the tannery and operated it under the name, "Grand Rapids Leather Co." The plant was under my supervision; the leather was sold from the Chicago store.

It was about this time that again serious trouble

came into Father's life. Driving a team on the hill on South Prospect Street a part of the harness broke, letting the buggy onto the horses' heels. One of the horses kicked and crushed Father's leg, below the knee. It probably would have been better if the leg had been promptly amputated; but, in an effort to save it, many operations were made and Father suffered for years. This suffering steadily told upon his general health and undoubtedly shortened his life. He died in his home on North College Avenue on September 19th, 1908, in his 77th year; passing on, with no evidence of pain or struggle, while asleep at night.

With Father practically incapacitated and Uncle Thomas withdrawn from active business, the affairs of the two leather companies were handled almost wholly by Mr. Zeus and myself; Mr. Zeus in charge of the store and I of the tanneries.

In December, 1891, I made a trip to New York and Pennsylvania to study sole leather tanning as carried on in the East. I had received an invitation, through Uncle Thomas, from George W. Childs to visit him at Ridgway, Penna. Mr. Childs was at that time the manager of the Eagle Valley tannery at Ridgway and was an associate of Jackson S. Schultz of New York City, who was then the best known man in the leather industry and popularly called "The King of the Swamp." I was about ten years younger than Mr. Childs. He welcomed me to his tannery, and later to his home, as though I were a younger brother, giving me full access to his methods and also introductions to his friends in nearby tanneries. The visit proved to be the beginning of a lifelong intimate friendship and business association.

A few years later a large number of the sole leather tanners, mostly in New York and Pennsylvania, combined into one corporation, called the "United States

THE SONS OF DR. CHARLES CURTIS WALLIN
EDWIN, THOMAS, ALFRED, FRANKLIN
(About 1902)

Leather Co.," and Mr. Childs was made Vice President in charge of tanning operations. At one time he had charge of more than a hundred plants, and later he was elected President of the company.

At the time the United States Leather Co. was organized the Wallin Leather Co. was invited to come in; but we declined. Later, in 1905, when the company was reorganized under the name of "Central Leather Co.," we were again invited to put our two tanneries into the big corporation. Mr. Zeus had had a serious sickness, Uncle Thomas was practically retired and Father an invalid and so it seemed wise to sell out. The sale included the "Mill Creek" and "Wallin" tanneries, the Chicago store and the good will of the Wallin Leather Co.; but it was understood that the old firm name would not pass to the new owners. And so, after more than half a century, the sign, "C. C. Wallin & Sons," first hung in 1851, was taken down in 1905.

Under the new arrangement Father, Uncle and Mr. Zeus retired from the Wallin Leather Co. and I was elected President. Soon the Chicago store of the Wallin Leather Co. was merged with the store of the parent company and my work almost wholly confined to tannery management. This was later expanded through the purchase of a third plant, the "Michigan Tannery," at Comstock Park. In these tannery operations I was under the direction of Mr. Childs, whose office had been moved to New York City. In 1908 I was elected a Director of the Central Leather Company and later invited to move to New York, to go into training to take Mr. Childs' place. The thought of moving to the big city did not appeal either to me nor my wife and we decided to remain in Grand Rapids.

As a Director of the Central Leather Co., and Pres-

ident of the Wallin Leather Co., I had a good deal to do with the organization and administration of the National Association of Tanners. This association had been formed in 1908, in Chicago. It included a considerable portion of the leather industry, particularly the tanners of leather made from cattle hides, as distinct from goat skins. The compelling motive was the need for united action in tariff matters; nearly all the tanners wishing to keep hides and skins on the free list. Gradually it became my duty to act for the "Company" in all association matters and for several years I represented the Central Leather Co. as a Director and officer in the association. In this service I was frequently in Washington. During the Taft administration I spent a good deal of time there and later, under the Wilson administration, with my family, I lived in Washington for several months; Franklin and Orcelia both attending high school there.

When the United States entered into the World War the National Association of Tanners arranged to send its Secretary, Mr. Cudworth Beye, the only salaried officer, to Washington. It soon became apparent, however, that the service which the leather industry might give the Government would require more than the small office force attached to the association. Mr. H. Frederick Lesh of Boston was the President, but his own responsibilities were such that he could not stay in Washington. I was Vice President and had had a good deal of Washington experience. Under these circumstances the Board of the Central Leather Co. agreed to loan me to serve in the place of Mr. Lesh and so, in the spring of 1917, I went to Washington, my wife joining me a little later.

As war work increased it became evident that the association was not broad enough to meet all the demands for assistance, coming from the offices of

the Quartermaster, Ordinance, Navy, War Trade Board, War Industries Board and others of the numberless organizations created to carry on the war. The War Trade Board had requested us to take control of all imports of hides and tanning materials used in the leather industry. To properly function, even in this one undertaking of several, we needed a broader association. To meet this demand, in the summer of 1917, there was organized in Washington, under a charter issued by the National government, the Tanners' Council of the United States of America. I was elected the first President of the Council.

I cannot here fully tell of the strenuous and interesting war experience in Washington, during 1917 and 1918. The National Association of Tanners was soon abandoned, the Tanners Council taking its place, not only in war work but as the representative of the entire leather industry. An office with about sixty employees was established in Washington; smaller offices were opened in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and San Antonio.

As a whole, I believe the work was satisfactory to the government and to the industry. Supporting the claim I have a beautiful silver tea service, a present from the officers and directors of the Council, and a silver cup and an engrossed testimonial from the employees. Further, I am the only Honorary Member of the Council, being elected as such when I resigned as President. A prized memento of that war work is an autographed photograph of President Wilson which was given to the Tanners' Council. My good friend, the able Secretary of the Council, Mr. E. A. Brand, at the close of the war, kindly turned it over to me.

In many ways the Washington experience was the most trying period of my life. In addition to the multitude of serious government and business prob-

lems we had our family anxieties. Franklin was in the army; every day, for months, expecting to go overseas. Orcelia was unwell with what the doctors claimed to be appendicitis, resulting in an operation in a Washington hospital. The flu was bad all around us, food was poor, the summer hot and my wife, for a time, seriously sick; but still we all managed to get along and today I look back at those years as a great experience. In fact I think we all do except daughter. Her hurried operation in the crowded hospital, I am satisfied, is the cause of the many operations she has since suffered. She is in Blodgett hospital as I write these lines; but we now hope for the last time.

Of the many friendships formed during the two years in Washington, for the most part identified with the leather industry, there is not space here to relate; but of one intimate friendship, formed during that period and continuing to the present, I must write.

A few years before war was declared by the nations of Europe Mr. Otto Haas, a young man, came to this country from Germany to introduce to the tanning industry a new chemical, an artificial bate, made and sold under the trade name "Oropon." The bate had been invented by Dr. Otto Röhm of Darmstadt, Germany. It was manufactured and its use developed in Germany by the two men under the firm name of Röhm & Haas. The product represented a distinct scientific advance in the art of tanning and steadily came to be of increasing importance in the American leather industry. A factory had been built at Bristol, a few miles north of Philadelphia, where the bate was made. Other chemicals were developed, large for tannery use, and, in less than a decade, from very small beginnings, it could be fairly said that the tanning industry of the United States was depending to a considerable degree upon the operations of this one firm

of Röhm & Haas. The success of the firm in America was almost wholly due to the efforts of Mr. Haas, who had so conducted his business as to win the confidence and approval of the trade.

When Mr. Haas came to America he had intended to make this country his permanent home. He had married an American girl, the daughter of a United States army officer, Colonel John C. Waterman, who was a Michigan boy, born in Alpine Township, a few miles north of Grand Rapids; but when America entered the war Mr. Haas had not completed his citizens papers and he found himself an "alien enemy."

It is difficult now to appreciate the suspicion and fear of everything German that prevailed in Washington during the war. Of course a great deal of it was unwarranted and unjust; but, as the French said, "C'est la guerre"; and often quick, harsh decisions were made from which there was no effective appeal. The facts were that the firm of Röhm & Haas was German, owned by two Germans, one of whom was in Germany, with one plant operating in Germany. The business was in chemicals, and, to add to the suspicion, had an export trade. Mr. Haas was in danger of being locked up, his business confiscated, and the plant closed. Fortunate it was for him that in all his relations with his customers he was in good standing. He had thoroughly established a reputation for fairness, candor and integrity and to such a degree that when he made known to the trade, individually and through the Tanners' Council, his critical situation, the response was prompt and effective. The officials at Washington were visited and soon convinced that the business should be undisturbed; that while Mr. Haas might be, technically, an alien enemy, he actually was a loyal and particularly useful citizen of the United States.

My part in this intervention naturally led to an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Haas, and later with his family. Through the generosity of Mr. Haas I am interested in the business, now incorporated as the Röhm & Haas Co., and hold an honorary, not active position as Treasurer of the company.

My position as War President of the Tanners' Council gave me a wide acquaintance in the industry, which led to my present connection with the American Hair & Felt Co. This corporation was organized by a group of tanners in 1885, to utilize the tanning process. It was originally called the "Illinois Leather Co.," and later the "Tanner's Products Co." The Central Leather Co. held stock in the company and I had been on the Board of Directors since about 1907 and so was quite familiar with the company's affairs.

When, in the fall of 1918, it became evident that waste hair that is removed from the hides in the the war was nearing a conclusion the directors of the Tanners Products Co. offered me the position of President of the company, which I accepted. I severed my connections with the Wallin Leather Co. and the Central Leather Co., which I had continued to hold during the war, and resigned as President of the Tanners' Council. A little before Armistice Day, 1918, Mrs. Wallin and I moved to Chicago and I took up the work there.

During the eleven years in Chicago we lived on Drexel Boulevard, locating there in the beginning to be near Mrs. Wallin's sister, Mrs. W. H. Simpson. I will not attempt here to write in detail of my work in Chicago. It has been a decade of important growth, the development of an industry out of a despised by-product of the tannery. The records of the company fully reveal the operations; the projects that failed

and those brought to a success, under my direction.

In 1929 I found that I was having some trouble with my heart. My doctor warned me that if I wished to live more than a few years I would have to get into the open air and do less exacting work. At the age of sixty-three I was not yet longing to walk the golden streets, though I have a good deal of confidence that they are superior to concrete and asphalt, and I arranged my affairs so as to follow the doctor's advice. On March first, 1930, I retired as President of the American Hair and Felt Co. My last annual report contained this paragraph:

"After eleven years of service I shall, as of March 1st, yield to another the active direction as President of the company. It is hardly necessary to say that this action is of my own initiative and wish, inspired by a certain knowledge of the double need to guard my own health and secure as chief executive a younger and stronger man."

I then was elected Chairman of the Board, with the understanding that I would give the business general advice and counsel, drawing a smaller salary, in keeping with the lighter duties of the new position.

Now a word before I close about Wallinwood Farms and Wallinwood Springs.

I think there has always been among the Wallins a love of the country; inherited, perhaps, from those British ancestors who were "Freeholders and Proprietors of Lands" in England and farmers when they came to America. At any rate I have always fancied that I would be glad to own a farm; and so when my son, as a boy, decided he wished to be a farmer, the idea had my hearty approval.

After some actual farm experience, in his high school days, Franklin entered the Agricultural College, in the University of Wisconsin. His studies were

interrupted by nearly two years in the army; but after the close of the war, in January, 1919, he went back to Madison and graduated with special honors in June of that year.

For several years we had been looking, leisurely, for a farm. In 1917 our attention was directed to the level portion of the Grand river valley near to Jenison and finally we bought 230 acres and named it "Wallinwood Farms." As soon as Franklin finished at Wisconsin he took charge of the place. The farm was a patchwork of small fields, lined with brush grown stump fences, foul with weeds. It had been poorly cultivated and badly run down, but the natural quality of the soil, the abundance of spring water, the level surface and the nearness to markets appealed to us. Faithful, hard work, intelligent management and a love of the job has transformed the place into a splendid dairy farm. Not one city-bred boy out of a thousand could or would have done the job so well. Whether or not agriculture will ever again come to be a profitable calling is still undetermined; but in any event, financial success or no, the development of Wallinwood Farms is a work of which Franklin can well be proud.

On June 22, 1920, Franklin married the daughter of his student pastor at Madison, Agnes Bowen Sarles.

In 1927 I learned that lands adjoining the farm on the southeast were for sale. Here were some famous springs and large elms close to an old house, all within a hundred yards of the Grand river and on high land. A fine site for a country home and on land that could be operated with the original purchase as one farm. In 1927 I was past sixty. I knew that my active years of work in Chicago could not be many and I looked forward to the time when I could live in the country. So my wife and I combined some of our resources

and bought the property, 140 acres. We rebuilt the old house in 1928 and moved from Chicago, on April 17, 1929. We call the place "Wallinwood Springs." We are just ten miles from our daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Torson, and their baby, Thomas Wallin Torson, at 1500 Mackinaw road, Grand Rapids, and only a half-mile across the fields from our son, his wife and two children, Frances and Franklin, Jr. We are quite content with this new home in the country. We are about a mile from the post office at Jenison. We came as strangers; but have found neighbors and friends. Continuing our membership of over a half century in Park Congregational Church of Grand Rapids, we have been permitted a special membership in the Congregational Church of Jenison, where we attend, and where we have had a most kind welcome.

When living in Washington, during the first Wilson administration, our family received invitations to a reception at the White House. Of course we were on hand. With about two hundred other guests, at the appointed hour, we formed in line for the quite formal and brief hand-shake followed by light refreshments, the substance of a White House reception. My wife's cousin, the oldest of our group, was first. She quietly gave her name to a uniformed official who, in turn, in a louder and distinct voice introduced to the President *"Doctor Norris."* Next came my wife and following the same procedure, *"Mrs. Wallin"* was introduced to the President. Next was Orcelia, *"Miss Wallin,"* then Franklin, *"Mr. Wallin."* I, bringing up the rear, for the moment forgot that the Presidential party might not instinctively recognize me as the head of the Wallin family, and found myself opposite Mr. Wilson unannounced. He inquired my name. "O," said I, "I am the last of the Wallins." The President

gave me a winning smile, an extra pressure of the hand and I followed the line out for a sandwich and a cup of tea.

A few weeks later another invitation came from President and Mrs. Wilson to a garden party, refreshments to be served in the grounds. One does not have to be the President's bosom friend to get an invitation to the White House. This time I could not attend and the family comprised only my wife, Franklin and Orcelia. As on the previous occasion the reception line was formed, (it was raining hard and the garden feature was abandoned) and again the introductions were called: *"Mrs. Wallin," "Miss Wallin";* but, as Franklin's turn came, the President said, "So you are the last of the Wallin's this time."

At the time, neither Franklin nor I appreciated how close we were to a statement of literal fact, "The last of the Wallins." Grandmother Dorothy gave it as her opinion that young mothers "must have their number." But in these days of emancipation, of woman's rights, women's votes, careers and clubs; the older idea, that a home and a family was a woman's dearest desire, has given way to other ambitions, possibly "more intellectual," certainly less exacting. And so it comes about that Franklin and his small family bid fair, some day, not far distant, to be truly, "The last of the Michigan Wallins."

Wallinwood Springs,
April 17, 1931.

Printed,
Dec. 25, 1933.

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THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY TREE

JOSEPH WALLIN. B. March 12, 1776. D. April 16, 1864.
M. ALICE CURTIS. B. 1782. D. Feb. 10, 1832.

1. CHARLES CURTIS.
2. Mary Ann.
3. Alfred C.
4. William H.
5. Pamelia.
6. William.

CHARLES CURTIS WALLIN. B. Sept. 15, 1804. D. June 9, 1896.
M. DOROTHY AMELIA STRONGITHARM. B. 1812. D. Dec. 17, 1850.

1. Thomas Strongitharm.
2. FRANKLIN BOGUE.
3. Elizabeth.
4. Alfred Curtis.
5. Charles Edwin.

FRANKLIN BOGUE WALLIN. B. March 25, 1832. D. Sept. 19, 1908.
M. ORCELIA THERESA TANNER. B. Nov. 13, 1835. D. Jan 1, 1874.

1. Elizabeth.
2. Alfred.
3. Luman Thomas.
4. Alice (Little Allie).
5. VAN ARTHUR.

M. HANNAH CHADBOURNE. B. Feb. 14, 1846. D. Jan. 14, 1914.

1. Charles Curtis.
2. William Chadbourne.
3. Bertha Selina.

VAN ARTHUR WALLIN. B. Aug. 10, 1866.
M. ELIZABETH GALT WHITTELSEY. B. Sept. 24, 1869.

1. Franklin Whittelsey.
2. Orcelia Elizabeth.

FRANKLIN WHITTELSEY WALLIN. B. March 27, 1896.
M. AGNES BOWEN SARLES. B. July 23, 1900.

1. Frances Sarles.
2. Franklin Whittelsey.

ORCELIA ELIZABETH WALLIN. B. April 21, 1897.
M. HARRY AMES TORSON. B. Oct. 28, 1892.

1. Elizabeth Wallin.
2. Thomas Wallin.

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